

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



'Study of a Peacock', by William Etty, in the Manchester City Art Gallery: Mr. Quentin Bell has revisited Manchester's art galleries and discusses them on page 810

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By A. J. Marshall

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The Listener

Vol. LXI. No. 1571

Thursday May 7 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Is Mr. Macmillan an Appeaser?

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. Diplomatic Correspondent

THE Western preparations for a conference with the Russians have given rise to so many misunderstandings, to so much prejudice and passion, that it is becoming increasingly difficult to sort out the facts. When you are in Washington, as I was a month ago, you find yourself surrounded by people who are convinced that Mr. Macmillan wants to play a lone hand for his own selfish purposes, and that he is well on his way to taking a plunge into appeasement—appeasement in the bad sense, of course—of the kind that led to the Munich agreement. When you cross the border into Canada, you hear that Mr. Macmillan is doing a splendid job, and that President Eisenhower and the State Department are intolerable in their rigidity and in their evident fear of any kind of negotiations with the Russians. When you get back to London, people refer with a sigh to the implacable Mr. Dulles; and there is a note of impatience in their voices when they mention the old man in Bonn and the General in Paris with their heads in the air and their feet firmly embedded in concrete.

Then, on the continent of Europe, you hear the wildest criticisms of British policy. Dr. Adenauer has had some stern things to say about appeasers. So has General de Gaulle. It is evident that they much resented Mr. Macmillan's visit to the Soviet Union. They became really angry when one or two unofficial and irresponsible voices in Britain suggested that the leadership of the Western Alliance was falling into British hands. General de Gaulle is taking good care to surround himself with as many friends as possible, in order to put the leadership of Europe utterly beyond the reach of any British Prime Minister. In recent months, with this end in view, he has given unstinted support to Dr. Adenauer's policy of firmness in dealing with the Russians. He has flattered the Italian Government with a promise to

support their claim to representation at a 'summit' conference. He is now drawing Spain into his circle, with the undertaking to press for her inclusion in the North Atlantic Alliance.

But these are, so to speak, incidentals. What I wish to examine is this charge that Mr. Macmillan wants to pursue a policy of appeasement. It rests in part, as I have already explained, on his recent visit to the Soviet Union. There are also, I think, two specific reasons for it. First, he appears to hold the view that a new agreement on the status of West Berlin is worthy of consideration so long as Germany remains split, since the present arrangements rest in fact on the unconditional surrender of Germany. In the second place, he has proposed an agreement to control the size and equipment of the armed forces of East and West, now stationed in central Europe. Neither of these two ideas has yet been put forward in any detail. Their implications have not been worked out and they convey no immediate advantage to the Soviet Government. Yet they have caused a deafening uproar on both sides of the Atlantic. The extraordinary fact is that, in the thick of this uproar, the French and the German and the United States Governments have presented the Russians with unrequited concessions that have passed almost unnoticed in the West.

It was the Government of Dr. Adenauer that first suggested, towards the end of last year, that the East German regime should take part in four-power discussions on the German problem. That is something that the Russians have been pressing upon the Western Powers for ten years or more, and which the Western Powers have consistently refused. The offer has now been made, and Dr. Adenauer has nothing to show for it. And it was Mr. Dulles who first hinted that the way to solve the crisis over West Berlin was to acquiesce in the activities of the East German

authorities at the control points, so long as the East Germans acted as the agents of Soviet power. It was Mr. Dulles, too, who threw out the idea that German reunification could perhaps be achieved otherwise than through free elections. These two proposals are substantial concessions to the Soviet point of view; yet they have been offered without any kind of *quid pro quo*.

Finally, there is General de Gaulle himself. He threw away the biggest plum of all: a concession that might have played a notable part at the four-power conference in Geneva, if only it had been held in reserve. At his news conference at the end of March he announced that he expected Germany to recognize the Oder-Neisse line and so put an end to her quarrel with Poland. That is something that the Poles have been urging us to do for many years. It might have changed the face of Polish relations with the West if the offer had been made some years ago. The Russians, too, have asked us for the recognition of this revised Polish frontier with Germany in the interests of European stability. They have got it now—and they have got it free of charge. So

if the word 'appeasement' means the handing out of concessions without any assurance that you will get something in return, then the appeasers are to be found in Bonn, in Paris, and in Washington.

Once I have said that, it becomes evident that all the accusations and counter-accusations that have darkened counsel in the Western capitals over the past six months or so are absurd and pointless and irrelevant. They only serve to conceal the fact that the Atlantic Alliance has lost its direction and its sense of purpose. The idea that the Russians may perhaps be willing to negotiate on certain specific issues in Europe; the thought that standing firm and saying 'no' is not enough; the suspicion that a settlement that seemed fairly tolerable in 1949 is not perhaps ideal in 1959—all these have caused the Alliance to falter and stumble. It remains to be seen whether it is capable of taking a fresh look at the international situation. If it is, then the present sickness is nothing more than a case of growing pains. If it is not—well, I must leave that to the future.

—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

China's New Head of State

By ANTHONY LAWRENCE, B.B.C. Far East Correspondent

IT is always said that the Head of State in China has mainly formal and ceremonial duties, so nobody would have been surprised if the choice had been a popular seventy-year-old General like Chuh-Teh with his great revolutionary and fighting record. But instead, the new Head of State is to be no figurehead at all, but an extremely capable party leader, a man who has written much on Communist theory and who is widely feared and respected for his ruthless efficiency and insistence on discipline. This is Liu Shao-ch'i, the man who, at the request of China's leader, Mao Tse-tung himself, takes over what is nominally the highest position in the state.

Outside China, Liu is little known, but within the country, and particularly in the Chinese Communist Party, he has long been acknowledged as number two only to Mao himself. He is the man who, both in China and also in Moscow, has studied the machinery of Communism, the question of party structure, discipline, and theory. In earlier days he was an efficient trade union organizer and worked among the miners. Later he was to take a big share in drafting a new constitution for the party and later for the country. He is one of those men who live only for work. Nobody knows much about his private life. His slightly built figure with a pale face rarely appears in group photographs of Chinese Communist leaders.

Now all that will change. He will still have the influence he had before, but instead of being in the background he will now be well in the limelight. The party theoretician, as Head of State, will become a public figure; and in the eyes of the Chinese people he will be identified in a much more open and personal way with the policies and the orders handed down from the top.

And Liu Shao-ch'i is becoming a very public person just at a time when this country of 650,000,000 people is going through a very difficult period. The setting up of the people's communes last year has caused a great social and economic upheaval. Many of the Chinese peasants have been discontented with the revolutionary changes, brought about by communal eating and living and the spreading of industry to the countryside. Something has to be done about this discontent. Changes have been enforced already. There has been a big so-called 'tidying up' process with inspection teams 1,000 strong going round the communes and trying to get them to work more efficiently.

But although the Communist Party has said that this check-up has been well done, official statements suggest there are many more questions about the communes that still have to be solved. So there will be more directives for the peasants to make greater efforts, and for officials to improve organization while achieving still higher targets in the production drive. Liu Shao-ch'i was closely concerned with all this planning before, but from the background. Now he will do it in the open, with responsibility for success or failure pinned closely to him. It is because Mao realized that the Head of State would assume this importance in the eyes of the people that he chose his ablest lieutenant for the job, for it now becomes a matter of supreme concern to Liu Shao-ch'i that the communes experiment should not fail.

There are other reasons for thinking that Liu Shao-ch'i's promotion is important. With his Moscow background, his written attacks on the Tito regime, his devotion to international communism, he suggests a spiritual link with the Soviet Union. But above all he stands for the new thinking in China—the search for a Communist doctrine so developed that it will reconcile the teaching of Marx and Lenin with China's needs, with the deep-rooted Confucianist, family-orientated attitude of the Chinese peasant.

Somehow Marxist-Leninism must be developed and expounded in a Chinese setting, so that the peasant will really accept the idea of devoting himself, body and soul, to the wider and greater unit, whether it is the commune or the state.

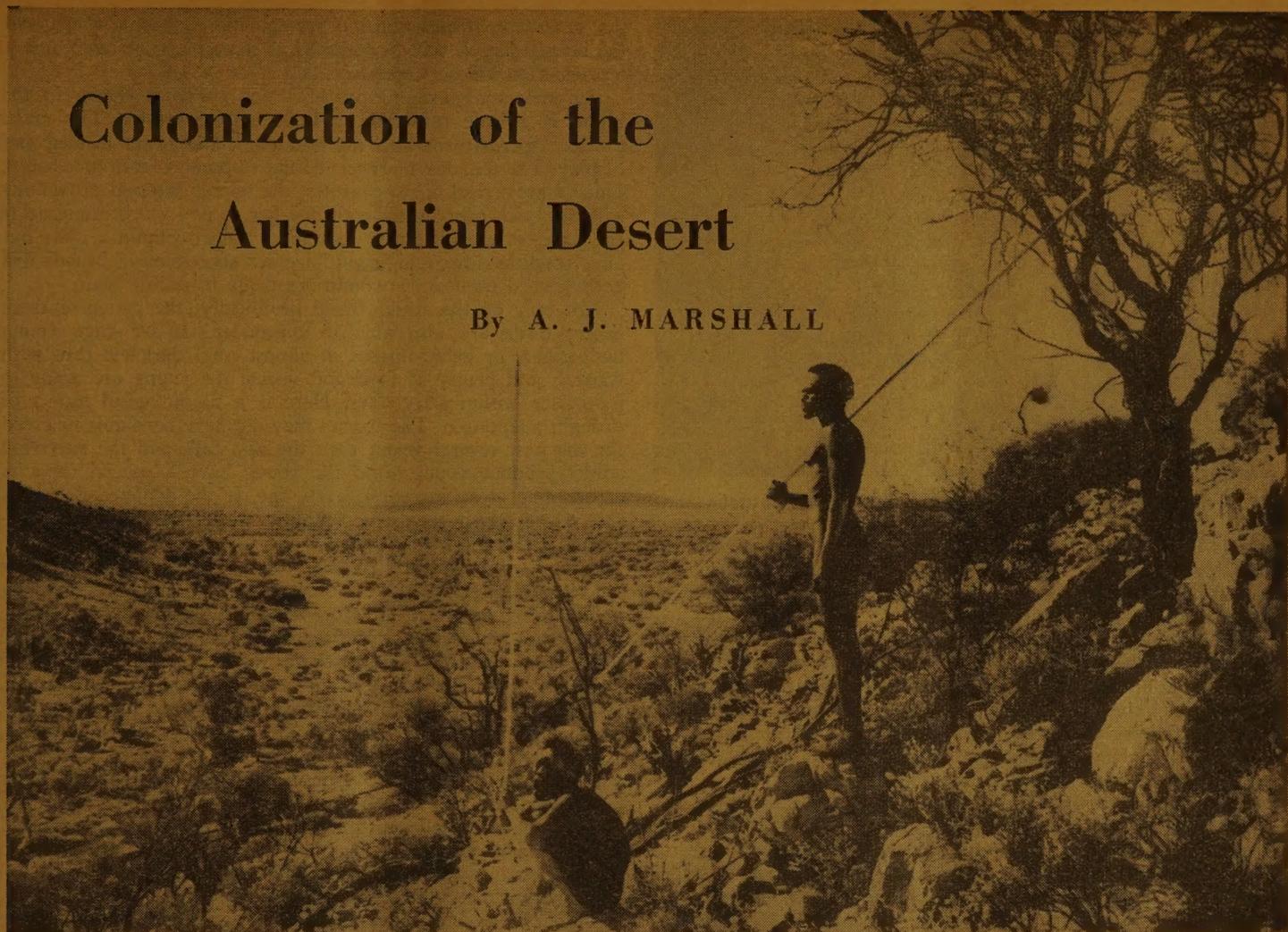
That this has not happened yet is shown by the troubles which have beset the commune experiment. Whether it will happen in the next few years depends largely on the planning and thinking of the Chinese leaders. That is why, when Mao decided to resign as Head of State last December, the official reason given was that he wanted to concentrate more on the direction of policy and spend more time on Marxist-Leninist theoretical work while still continuing his leading role in the work of the state. In Asian religions there is an accepted idea of the great sage or saint relinquishing high office for a while in order to go up a mountain and meditate. Mao Tse-tung's version of this is the practical one: his meditations on future policy will mean no giving up of real power. As Chairman of the Communist Party he still remains China's leader.—*From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)



Liu Shao-ch'i, who has succeeded Mao Tse-tung, as Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic

Colonization of the Australian Desert

By A. J. MARSHALL



I HAVE just been home to Australia. Much of the time I was there I spent collecting animals in the desert or on its fringes. It is not the sort of desert that you see on films—mile after mile of soft undulating sand, enlivened every now and then by a shady oasis of date palms. The Australian desert is different. I did not see a single palm tree, and little sand for that matter. In the spring-time it was not hot, and during most nights we were extremely glad to crawl into our sleeping bags.

This inland Australia is an old, rigid, red land. It is a country of low ranges, most of which are flat-topped, with a hard laterite crust. Their slopes are creased with gullies that are filled with huge boulders surrounded by immense clumps of grey-green spinifex grass. And on the slopes, and in the valleys too, grow ghost-gums—a species of eucalyptus with drooping, dark-green leaves and smooth sculpted trunks of an exquisite pallor that has to be seen to be believed.

All in all this austere country seems to be a good country. Why then is it not swarming with animals and people? The trouble is water, or rather the lack of water. That green-grey spinifex grass and those beautiful ghost-gums exist comfortably because it was there that they evolved, and they are perfectly adapted to living there. There is other vegetation too, but little else that moves: just the odd wedge-tailed eagle (rather bigger than the golden eagle, with a wing-spread of up to eight feet) circling in the distance, or, in the dry valley, one may catch a flash of the soft grey of a fleeing wallaby. The country is beautiful but, seemingly, almost dead.

When rain falls, the whole landscape changes dramatically. The brilliant red cliffs remain the same; but the soil is good, and so new herbage springs up in the valleys. Within a few days the whole place is bright green. Shortly after, it is ablaze with the scarlet of Sturt's desert pea, with cerise-coloured parakelia; and

the whites and yellows and mauves of the hardy, so-called 'everlastings' turn the place into a fairyland. New animal life appears just as suddenly. Swarms of finches and parrots come. Flocks of golden and crimson chats (a horrible name for these brilliant robin-sized birds) fly in and begin nesting in the sprouting shrubs. Wallabies and other marsupials are seen in droves; and, overhead, wheel kestrels and kites and harriers and other hunting birds. There is an equal abundance of insect life: lizards become plentiful and the newly filled water-holes, previously parched and covered with hard-caked mud, now support populations of frogs and shrimps.

Excluding only the extreme polar regions and the highest, permanently icy sierras, the whole dry surface of the earth has been colonized by animals. If an ecological niche occurs, life will flow into it, and stay in it if a living can be made there. But what if a permanent living cannot be made? Then there will sometimes be a seasonal ebb, and then again a flow, and the same again, so that as the seasons change the living things will come, multiply, and then disperse according to the opportunity the habitat gives them to reproduce or even to stay alive.

Biological success is largely reproductive success. Here we have a bizarre, harshly majestic environment that becomes soft and green and immensely productive only when rain falls, and in some places that may happen only once every few years. And even then, the land may remain lush and productive for only a few months before the sun dries the water and withers the new herbage.

How do the outside animals know where this newly created harvest is? And by what special means are they able to reproduce quickly when they get there? Not much is known on the first point, but it is generally thought that the mammals, and perhaps some birds, smell the rain or its effect on the earth, and are then impelled to travel from their own dry areas towards it. By and large, birds have poor powers of smell. The nocturnal,



Budgerigars photographed in their natural state in Australia

ground-living New Zealand kiwi and the shearwater petrels are probably exceptions. But you can put all manner of nauseating (to us) substances under the nostrils of most birds and they take no notice at all.

Perhaps this generalization does not apply to the honey-parrots, which sweep the nectar from the eucalyptus flowers that bloom after the rain. For although no single honey-parrot may have been seen in the area for several years, as soon as the cream-coloured flowers bud, the green and red lorikeets arrive in thousands, crawling among the droopy flowers and sweeping up the nectar with their brush-like tongues.

The grasses, too, quickly flower and seed; and waiting for this event are the finches and the budgerigars, [or, as it should be correctly spelt, *budgerigahs*]. One sees these in thousands, streaming in undulating flocks across the sky. The man who first described the budgerigar was probably familiar not only with its skin but with the living bird, because he named it *Melopsittacus undulatus*: the immense flocks undulate across the sky. Budgerigars, zebra-finches, star-finches, blue and white wrens, chats, spinifex-birds, and the rest all begin to breed. There is an enormous surge of reproduction. A single bush may hold the bulky nests of thirty finches, and almost every hollow eucalyptus branch houses a family of budgerigars. The doe wallabies now all carry minute young in their pouches and the dingoes—the tawny native hunting-dogs that follow the wallabies in—all carry young too. It does not matter whether it is spring, summer, or autumn: as long as it is not too cold, the creatures breed after it rains. Some of them may have come from areas where it has been dry for years: a seven-year drought, for example, is uncommon but not unknown. But now that the land is green, and the good harvest is there for the taking, the animals 'time' their reproduction and so their young are hatched, or dropped, at the time when they stand the best chance of survival.

It all sounds as though they were extremely intelligent; but that is not so. It is merely that each desert species has evolved an innate, built-in 'species requirement', and until

the environment periodically presents the appropriate pattern, the breeding cycle will be retarded at some phase or other and so reproduction will not take place.

An interesting example of how this works is shown in the birds. If a little rain falls, a little herbage grows. The males produce spermatozoa and sex hormones, and begin to sing and display. The females, however, do not respond so enthusiastically. Until a great deal of grass grows, the female internal physiology will not 'tick over' sufficiently for her to pay much attention to the male, or even begin to look for a place to build a nest. But once conditions become 'right' a quick succession of broods will be produced until desert conditions begin to return again.

Not only do the adults breed prolifically; the young of these desert birds are also able to reproduce. If we cage young budgerigars or zebra-finches in almost total darkness (but with warmth and plenty of food and water) the young are ready to reproduce within sixty days. Here is a physiological aspect of drought adaptation. The species may not have been able to breed for the past several years; then the rain falls and the surviving adults produce young. And the young have a special capacity of breeding at an incredibly early age, so the depleted flocks are able to replenish themselves rapidly while the favourable conditions last.

It is hard to credit that there can be frogs in desert areas when one remembers the soft skin of the frog and its consequent vulnerability to hot, desiccating sunshine. In the dry times the water-holes are covered with baked mud, then the rains come and suddenly there are full-grown frogs. Where did they come from?

During 'the dry' they have been beneath the hard-baked, cracked clay, in a state of torpor, with a lowered metabolic rate. As the waters dried up after the rain, the frogs, old and young, had taken in stores of water while it still remained. Then they had burrowed deeply. Overhead the last vestiges of water evaporated and, as the surrounding valley became brown and sombre, the birds and marsupials departed. But beneath the baked surface of the waterholes the frogs lay safely, slowly drawing on their internal water reservoirs. The desert tribesmen know all this, and when they are desperately short of water they dig down, catch the frogs and wring them out. Towards the end of a long drought these frogs—*Cyclorana* is their name—are themselves shrunk and comparatively dry. The late Lancelot Harrison dug some of these small, relatively dehydrated frogs up and dropped one into a bucket of water. Very soon it swelled up so that it looked like a black knobly tennis ball.

The desert tribesmen who sometimes dig up these water-storing frogs and drink the water from them are pleasant, gentle people. They are nomads, like the birds and other animals. They live in small communities far from the white man, and by an

almost superhuman hunting ability manage to keep alive in the dry times. They can easily distinguish the footprint of every individual in the tribe, and they are such good trackers that they can trail even tiny lizards across the baked earth. One source of their food is the honey-ant. In good times this ant stores honey in its body, which then becomes grossly distended. The desert nomads find where the honey-ants nest. They dig down and catch them, and eat the stored honey from the ants' bodies. In good times the desert men (like the other animals) prosper.

—Network Three



'The Ancient Ghost Gum Tree of Temple Bar': a painting by the Australian aboriginal artist Albert Namatjira

Problems for Brunei

A British-protected state of south-east Asia

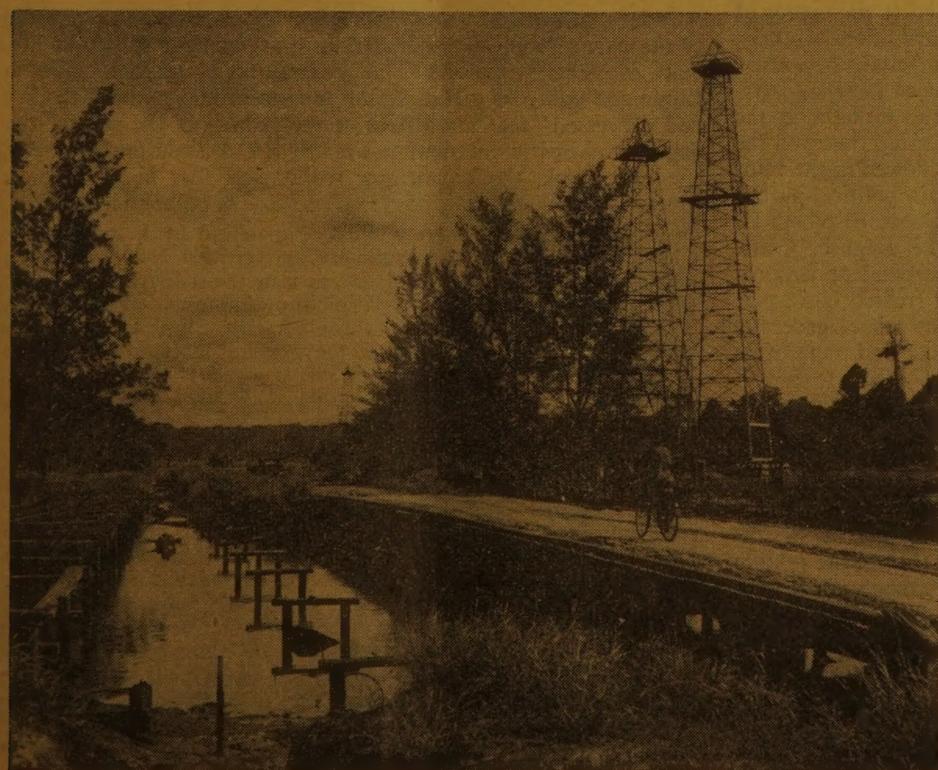
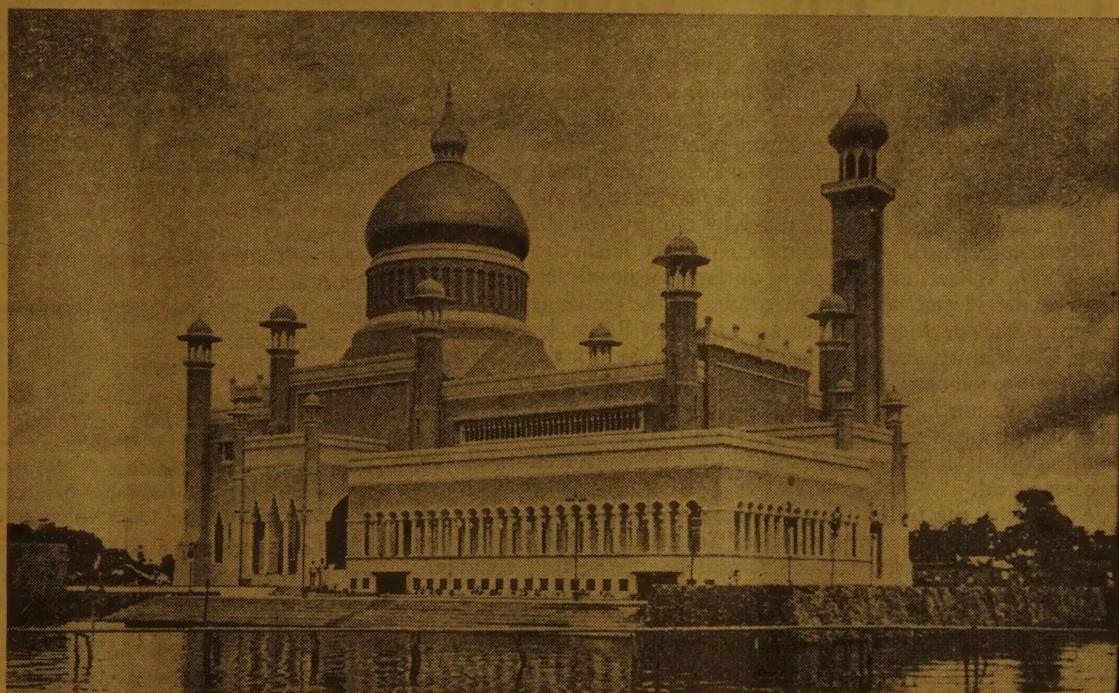
THE BRITISH-PROTECTED State of Brunei is only a small part of the large island of Borneo down on the Equator in the South China Sea; it is one of the most ancient countries of south-east Asia. The present Sultan, Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin, is the twenty-eighth of his line; and, although half of it is swamp and a good deal of the rest of it jungle, Brunei is one of the richest countries in the world. Its oilfields are the second largest in the Commonwealth, and are being developed by the Shell Group; and the big royalties and taxes which they pay the Government form the bulk of the country's revenue. This money is not frittered away in gold-plated limousines, for the Sultan of Brunei is no luxury-loving dictator but a far-sighted ruler who wants to see his country developed on modern democratic lines and has the money to do it. In the past ten years big programmes have been carried out for building schools, roads, bridges, airport buildings, a broadcasting station, and hospitals and clinics.

One of the most striking projects he has undertaken has been the great mosque in Brunei town by the banks of the big river. For most of the people of Brunei, including the Sultan himself, are of Malay stock and devout Muslims, and nearly £1,000,000 has gone into the building and furnishing of this new place of

Right: H. H. Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin, Sultan of Brunei

Below: the new mosque by the banks of the river in Brunei town

Bottom: view of Seria, Brunei, one of the largest producing oilfields in the Commonwealth



worship, whose gold-tiled dome rises nearly 200 feet above the town. I visited the mosque recently, just after sunset; the fountains and minarets were all floodlit, and the voice of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer sounded across the water village, Kampong Ayer, the oldest part of the town, where weavers and silversmiths follow their ancient crafts in houses built on stilts over the rivers.

But though it is such a rich country, Brunei has its problems: education is a recent growth and many technicians and experts needed for development schemes have had to be brought in from outside, mainly from other parts of Asia. The Brunei Malay must usually work as a labourer; he is one of the best paid labourers in Asia, but still he often resents the presence of better paid technicians from other countries. This is a grievance which will be solved when the generation of educated Malays has arisen. It will also be lightened when a more representative form of government, now negotiated by the Sultan in London, comes into force.

ANTHONY LAWRENCE
B.B.C. Far East Correspondent broadcasting
in 'Today' (Home Service)

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1959

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

The Celtic Tradition

THE Welsh poet and painter, Mr. David Jones, tells us, in a talk which we print today, some of his thoughts on contemplating different versions of an ancient Greek bronze statue 'The Dying Gaul'. Mr. Jones's broadcast contains many incidental reminders of how much European culture has been enriched by Celtic civilization and tradition during the last 2,000 years. Century by century, something unique has been contributed—almost in turn—by the Irish, the Scots, and the Welsh. Indeed in one epoch, during the gloomy and illiterate days of the seventh and eighth centuries, the Celtic fringe lands played a vital part, complementary to that of Rome, in preserving both Christianity and book-learning. From St. Patrick's time, a series of missionary journeys kept alive the spirit of Christian belief in the north, while later on the voyages to Europe of monks like St. Adamnan and St. Gall restarted the circulation of the few but important literary manuscripts that had survived from the ancient world.

Culturally, the Celtic share in British achievement has always been a large one, however the more 'Sassenach' Englishmen may like to forget it. Where they do remember, the greatest contribution does not perhaps lie in the work of individual geniuses, not even of writers like Dafydd ap Gwilym or Dylan Thomas, Robert Burns or Sir Walter Scott, or even in that of artists like Richard Wilson or the unknown designers of the Books of Durrow, Kells and the Lindisfarne Gospels. It lies rather in a blending together of ideas and blood, which have continually added to the vigour of the British tradition, whenever the Celtic contribution has been given willingly. Thus, it was Llywelyn ap Iorwerth who began the revolt against King John that led to the passing of Magna Carta. It was a Welshman, David Lloyd George, who brought in the People's Budget of 1909 and provided the leadership that won the first world war in 1918. And Scottish blood has flowed in the veins of Prime Ministers belonging to each of the main political parties since 1900, just as it flows now in the veins of Queen Elizabeth II. Wherever the tradition has diverged from the English, Celtic idealism has made the rebel heroes of the independent national cultures of Scotland, Wales, and both halves of Ireland into equal examples for the world to admire. Children at school generally take to their hearts the cause of Robert the Bruce and more often than not that of William Smith O'Brien.

But cultural triumphs and political successes are only one part of the Celtic story. Mr. David Jones refers to 'a kind of defeat-tradition which is part of the texture of the poetry of the peoples of the Celtic survival'. This defeat-tradition can be traced in literature and in the iconography of art in those kinds of comparative study which have been successfully pioneered by the Warburg Institute. But it also seems to be woven into the texture of any Celtic landscape. One can feel it most strongly in the soft light of a late summer evening; looking, for instance, across the waters of Loch Awe, up to the flickering light which plays on the underside of the mist-clouds as they climb the side of Ben Cruachan. This setting—in Argyll—is typically Celtic. The whole atmosphere is one of lament for the countryside as much as for the dying Gaul or the race itself. It would seem to be the real heart of the Celtic tradition, one that in dying lives again for ever.

What They Are Saying

Communist thoughts and fancies

BROADCASTS FROM MOSCOW AND PEKING have given interesting glimpses of the attitude of different Communist leaderships towards the creative writer, towards automation and working conditions, and towards the question of secret versus 'open' diplomacy. A Russian literary critic broadcasting from Moscow in English, and evidently wishing to convince North American listeners that the writer in the Soviet Union is not a mere robot, said:

Speaking about socialist realism, bourgeois critics usually assert that the unity of idea of Soviet writers suppressed artistic individualism. As a matter of fact, the richly varied manifestations of Soviet reality in themselves afford endless opportunity for differences in the form and treatment of this reality. This does not mean that real life must appear in its original naked state. That would not be art but a mere photograph.

The Soviet radio, answering a Finnish listener's question, was concerned to point out that, when a Communist form of society is finally achieved, the worker's lot will be greatly alleviated through automation. The broadcaster said:

The high level of development of productive forces will make labour in Communist society pleasant and easy. Machines will perform all work requiring much effort. Some economists estimate that the working day may be four hours, while others think three hours will suffice. In any case the working day will be very short and will allow the greater part of the time to be spent on art, sport and science.

But the realities of daily toil in the largest Communist country of today came out in a description from Radio Peking by a Chinese reporter. This is what he said:

Crowds of workers always surround the large notice boards in most of the new iron and steel plants in East China which I have just visited. Red banners are awarded to the teams or workshops that distinguish themselves while record-breakers get extra banners and messages of greetings. The most prized awards are the 'champion' flags which go only to the best.

Yet the reporter was concerned to allay any impression that steel workers are overstrained in the Chinese People's Republic:

Teamwork rather than intensity was my main impression of the emulation campaign. The workers seemed to wield their heavy steel rods with an almost leisurely air as the molten iron flowed out. All the workers I interviewed were very proud of their part in the national drive for steel this year.

A long talk on Moscow Home Service discussed the question of the participation of the masses in quite another sphere of life, that of foreign policy. The commentator attacked Walter Lippmann and Sisley Huddleston for recent books in which they had expressed 'fear and alarm at the growth of the role of the popular masses in international relations'. A little perfunctorily, one may think, the broadcaster maintained that in Communist countries foreign policy is no closed preserve of political leaders:

In the countries where a third of mankind lives, the peoples, having thrown out the exploiters and created workers' States, have taken foreign political affairs into their own hands. This has radically altered the whole picture of international relations, because the foreign policy of the socialist countries represents the most profound interests of the working masses of the entire world.

A Warsaw radio talk for home listeners dealt with a familiar social problem in the following words:

We have received letters from a doctor complaining of bad manners in public places and from a cinema employee who finds public manners appalling and writes: 'Our press is constantly writing about hooligans. My own experience is that more than half the spectators who visit cinemas are semi-hooligans'. A manager of a cultural centre writes that fine facilities are available to people who do not appreciate them and do not keep them tidy. Although the points made by these listeners are quite true, we know of examples proving the opposite. We also notice a tremendous desire to absorb contemporary culture. This is shown by the popularity of the so-called 'savoir-vivre' columns in the newspapers.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

SECRET OF SUCCESS?

'I suppose I am going to give you the secret of success', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL in 'From Our Own Correspondent', 'but it is the most depressing information I have ever passed on. Michigan State University got hold of it first. Research workers there, led by Dr. Jennings, their Associate Professor of Business Management, made a list of thirty-two top men, including the senior partner in a firm of lawyers, a newspaper editor, a manufacturer of household appliances, a maker of processed foods, senior executives in oil, steel, telephone, and insurance companies, and a high official in local government.

'To all of these the university sent what was reassuringly called an "inventory"—in other words a list of 100 general statements about business life and human relationships. The recipients were asked to mark which of these statements were true and which untrue, and they were told: "There are no right or wrong answers, there is no way you can pass or fail, it is not a test". Thus it was possible to see what these successful men felt about, say, friends, subordinates, rules of business conduct, and relations with their fellow men. The same test, by the way, was applied to eighty men half-way up the ladder of success, and to fifty trainees in business management. If you group into paragraphs the sentences which these top men were most likely to tick off as true, you get a statement of belief that reads something like this:

"Friendship: It is safer to consider men more bad than good; a man should know why people are his friends: Most people make friends because friends are useful. Friends are as dangerous as enemies. A man should not feel obligated to keep up a friendship when it has become difficult to do so".

"Subordinates: it is dangerous to be loved by an associate because love can too easily turn into hate. It is necessary to keep some people in place by making them afraid if they step out of line. It is better to be feared for it will bring more respect and loyalty. A man should make sure that his associates rely ultimately on him. He should be careful in dealing with people even after they have proved themselves trustworthy. If a choice has to be made it is more important to know the right people than to have your subordinates thinking well of you".

'Now for business ethics: "A man should appear honest, but should not necessarily have honesty as a true character trait. Most

—and a dish of hard-glazed earthenware (mid-nineteenth century) showing a summer scene at Säfstaholm manor house



From the exhibition of Swedish pottery at the Victoria and Albert Museum: a punch bowl and lid decorated with flowers and fruit in relief, c. 1760-77—

people will misrepresent themselves if they have a lot to gain and little chance of being caught. A man should not have to be honest if it means it will prove his own guilt. Agreements should be made to commit the other person. Concessions should be more apparent than real. Past promises need not stand in the way of success".

'And so to human relations, where it is best not to tell more than one has to: "A man should be careful not to give names or dates unless absolutely necessary. He should maintain an air of mystery because it helps to bring him respect. He should never let out who exactly are his friends and enemies. A man should never be predictable on matters that are crucial to his interests. Almost everyone today tries to appear to be more than what he really is".

'Dr. Jennings and his team found the fullest agreement with the use of power principles in the newspaper editor and the oil company owner. The trainees tended to agree with the executives but were less emphatic: perhaps because, according to Dr. Jennings, they had not enough experience'.

POTTERY FROM SWEDEN

Swedish pottery is probably more widely known in Britain today than ever before. Its story is virtually that of the Rörstrand factory, which was opened in 1726 and has the longest continuous history of any pottery in Europe. Until May 31 there are examples of Rörstrand ware, including some of its latest products, at the Victoria and Albert Museum. DONALD MILNER spoke about the exhibition in 'The Eye-Witness'.

'The first thing which is likely to strike the observant visitor is the way the 200 or 300 pieces are displayed. By a combination of plain wooden panels, stretched muslin, pleated white paper, and pale grey paint, the neutral tones of Sweden are skilfully evoked—of modern Sweden, anyway; for some of the early rococo pieces, flamboyant in shape and colour, look rather like exotic fish out of water in their clinical cabinets.

'The exhibits are divided into two parts, three-quarters historical and a quarter modern. Of the first, almost all are earthenware, and, to the uninitiated, the seventy or so of these, in blue and white Delftware, might well have come from Lambeth or Bristol, though the Swedes at the time were particularly fond of what is called the *bianco sopra bianco* manner of decoration—white flecked patterns on an off-white ground. From about 1760 onwards the output became more colourful. The "Marieberg" enamels were particularly brilliant, and there are several fine pieces from this period in the exhibition. Early in the nineteenth century English influence began to replace French, and in some cases Rörstrand actually used the same copper-plates as our own Midland potteries





The tower of the chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, from the Backs

J. Allan Cash

used for the transfer-printing process they were quick to copy.

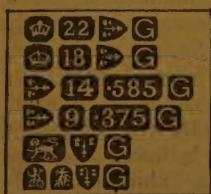
And so to modern Rörstrand; and here my guide, Doctor Carl Hernmarck of the National Stockholm Museum, said goodbye; my new guide was Mr. Carl-Harry Stalhane, the factory's leading contemporary designer. Piece by piece, he traced the origins of his work—one can hardly say "inspiration"—though the sense of identification with a classless society seems almost to amount to that with the Swedes. The result is eminently practical, sometimes beautiful, but not very exciting. There are, indeed, one or two works of a rather different kind by Hertha Hillfon. She was introduced to me as a "ceramic spontanist", which means, as she explained, that she plays about with clay until she turns up something that takes her fancy. But for the rest, the main focus of attention seems to be on those clean, coldly functional cups and pots and plates, which during the last few years have been steadily gaining popularity in the china departments of the high-class stores'.

COLLEGE CHOIRBOY

'As a boy I sang in the choir of St. John's College in Cambridge', said CHRISTOPHER PARRY in a talk in the Home Service. 'The chorister's life was centred in the long, lofty chapel with rows of saints looking down from the painted ceiling, and serious, imposing statues of famous Fellows near the entrance. It was a little awesome and characterized by a pressing sense of tradition. For me this was contained especially in externals like our dapper Eton suits, and the bulky, old-fashioned music-stands at the Choir School, and the heavy leather bindings of our anthem books—some nearly a century old.'

'We took a professional pride in our performance and practised hard at school for five or six hours each week—longer if the music was new to us. Our choirmaster, the chapel organist, called these sessions the tuning-up of his singing machine, and we sweated at scales and exercises to preserve a machine-like efficiency as the foundation of our singing. In Cambridge we were second only to King's College Choir, so wrong notes, uncertain pitch, or poor phrasing were unpardonable errors.'

'We had our initiation ceremony, carried out in solemn pomp. One became a fully fledged choirboy on a dark evening after service, when the verger had gone home. The chapel lights



Hall-marks used by the Chester Assay Office to mark (left) goods of British manufacture and (right) goods of foreign manufacture

were switched out, a candle or two produced, and the choir formed a double line in forbidding silence before a statue in the ante-chapel. In the echoing gloom the fledgling was ordered to advance with stiff upper lip, to bow to his colleagues and kiss the statue's toe. The stone had grown smooth and shiny from the custom.'

'We sang madrigals and part-songs in the concert at the College May Ball, and were let loose after the interval to riot and gorge on the remains of the buffet, and occasional weddings meant extra pocket-money and the novelty of wearing white bow-ties. Then there was Ascension Day, when we sang on top of the chapel tower. It is 140 feet high, and it is said that the late Dr. Cyril Rootham instituted the ceremony about forty years ago to prove a point to some scientists who told him that the sound would not be heard from the ground.'

'On that morning the head choirboy rigorously reviewed his squad. In single file we went through an old wooden door with rusty hinges and began to climb the uneven stone steps of a spiral staircase. At the top we stared through stonework tracery at the unfamiliar perspective over jumbled roofs of surrounding colleges.'

'Then our choirmaster marshalled us to sing. Several undergraduates prepared to accompany us on brass instruments; it always surprised me that someone, somehow, had carried trombones and trumpets up those stairs. At a lift of the conductor's baton we were off at full throttle, singing "The Lord ascendeth up on high", an Ascension Day carol by Praetorius. The breeze carried the singing down to the audience in the courtyard, who heard it softly but clearly above the hum and murmur of the town'.

KEEPING UP THE STANDARD

'In Chester there is an unpretentious house in a quiet side street which has a brass plate on the door, announcing that it is the Assay Office', said BERTHA LONSDALE in 'The Northcountryman'. 'In it there is a small staff of skilled and experienced folk who are employed under the city's Goldsmiths' Company to carry out the scientific testing of gold and silver ware. This is sent from all over the country to be "assayed" and stamped with the Chester hall-mark.'

'There are precision instruments and balances, ovens and refineries in work-rooms which are so far removed from accepted ideas of modern laboratories that you have a feeling that even alchemy might be practised here. Yet, in fact, one of the oldest and most stringent laws of the country is enforced by the Assay Master and his staff.'

'Because pure gold and silver are too soft to stand much handling, a certain amount of base metal—usually copper—has always been added to them, so the Assay Offices were set up in medieval times to protect the public from inferior mixtures of metal. From time to time, since then, governments have fixed legal standards for the various qualities of silver and gold, and anyone who works in precious metals must register with an Assay Office and send to it all the gold and silver wares they make—unless they are in a class which is exempt by law. Chester's Assay Office was founded in 1686 by a Royal Charter granted to the Goldsmiths' Guild which, even then, had had a long history. As far back as the Domesday records there were, in the town, seven "legal moneys"—that is, men who made gold and silver coin. When gold and silver wares arrive at the Assay Office, samples are scraped off at random, and subjected to searching tests. If these prove that there is the right amount of precious metal in them for the standard the makers claim, they are stamped with the appropriate hall-mark and sent back—with a little loose metal of the same quality to compensate for the samples scraped off. If they are not up to standard they are literally broken up with a hammer and returned to the sender'.

22 carat gold
18 carat gold
14 carat gold
9 carat gold
Standard silver
Britannia silver

916 G
750 G
585 G
375 G
925 G
9584 G

The Dying Gaul

By DAVID JONES

IT used to be part of the normal curriculum of art schools that before one drew from the living model one had to draw from the Antique. It depended upon a number of accidents whether one found oneself faced with the immense stillness of the Aphrodite of Melos or the uninspired forms of the Disk Thrower. Thus, one of my first recollections of the Antique happens to have been a plaster cast of a Roman marble copy of a Greek bronze, labelled 'The Dying Gaul'. It was many years before I was to know that the original bronze had been erected at Pergamon by an ally of Rome, King Attalos I, to celebrate his victory over groups of Celts operating in Asia Minor in the third century B.C.—the forefathers of Paul's 'bewitched' Galatians.

In a book published last summer* Mr. T. G. E. Powell, a Dubliner and a Cambridge archaeologist, gives us a most able, lucid, and concise analysis of the Celts, their origins, their arts, and something of their chequered story. Among the many admirable plates that illustrate this attractive book is one of 'The Dying Gaul'. By a most rewarding perception, the author had this work photographed from above, whereby its full significance is, at last, well seen. Our thoughts and feelings are many as we gaze, either actually or with the eyes of the mind only, on the prostrate form of this Gallic *uchelwr* or 'high-man', naked except for his torque, collapsed upon his oval Celtic war-shield and the narrow, curved war-trumpets cast down.

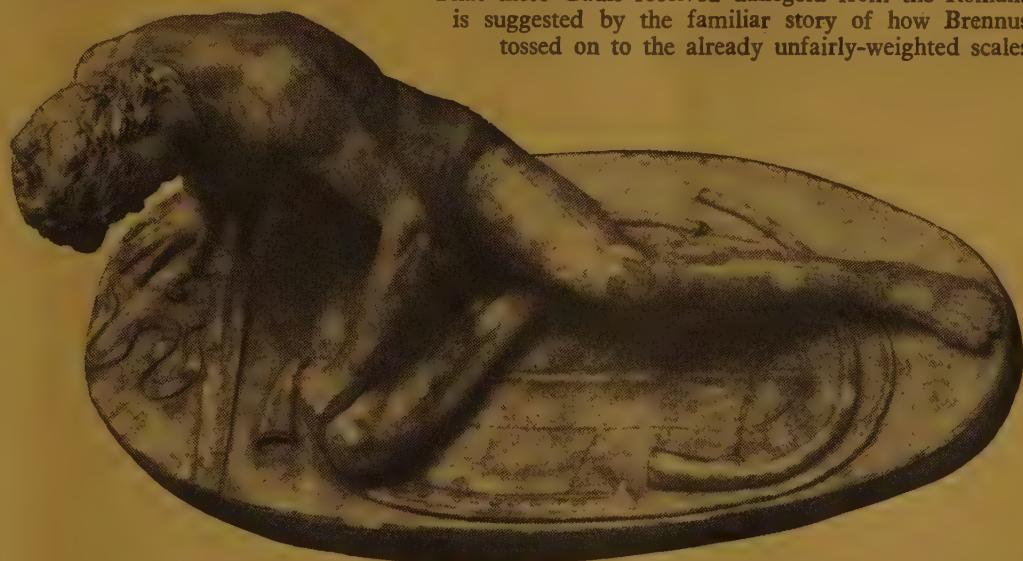
Two centuries later Caesar was to hear these bray across the surf on a Kentish foreshore, and, twelve centuries after Caesar, an Angevin archdeacon, Sylvester Gerald de Barri, was to hear them in the wooded defiles of Wales. He says that when the Welsh attacked the sound of their deep-toned trumpets mingled with their harsh cries. The Dying Gaul was going west, slowly.

Together with the typically Celtic objects portrayed on this statue, there is something which strikes the eye as being very un-Celtic. I mean the curved quillons that form the cross-guard of the thrown-down sword: that is no Celtic weapon. Is it there, as some have suggested, to indicate loot? Possibly, for the association of Celts with loot was a received opinion of the Greco-Roman world.

There is also a commonly received opinion among the English, expressed in the rhyme 'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a Thief'; but for this to have now, in 1959, any kind of factual equivalence with its classical antecedent we should

have to suppose the sack of London by Welsh tribesmen as late as the Battle of Trafalgar. For it was little more than a century and a half previous to the erection of the statue of the Dying Gaul at Pergamon, that some very much alive Gauls had crossed Apennine, taken Clusium, destroyed a Roman field army at the Allia river, and were free to violate the Urbs herself. A few months later they disappeared over the mountains just as they had come.

That these Gauls received danegeld from the Romans is suggested by the familiar story of how Brennus tossed on to the already unfairly-weighted scales



'The Dying Gaul': a marble copy in the Capitoline Museum, Rome, of the original in bronze erected by Attalos I at Pergamon

his long, straight-bladed, two-edge, early La Tène, iron great-sword; while the treasury official (a tribune), standing in the urban desolation, an exemplar of the essentially Roman virtues of patience and fortitude, lodged his formal protest against the falsification of weights and measures, even by exultant Celts. The quick recovery of the Urbs from this calamity is said to have been a surprise to her neighbours and not, for all of them, a pleasant one, but neither Rome nor Italy nor Antiquity as a whole was ever to forget that in the year of the city, 364, a cackle of geese may have saved the Capitol but that nothing had saved the city from the realities of that Celtic raid from over the mountains.

Thus, this raid, when already four centuries old, gave to Virgil, in the age of Augustus, a chance to give to us in these latter days of the West a description of some of the personnel of a Celtic raiding party; 'gold clad' Gauls he calls them. But he adopts a most ingenious device in order to describe them and the nature of the ground as they begin their night assault on the south-western escarpment of the Capitoline Hill.

This he does by reference to a wonder-shield, smithied by Vulcan for Aeneas, on which were shown forth the things of Italy and the triumphs of Rome. So, on this pre-figuring shield (which, by Virgil's art, is now and for us, a shield of recalling) we are shown the glistening figures of Gauls in their striped plaids as they slip from their assembly-positions in the thorn-brake. The night's dark is a gift for them, and under its camouflage will they reach their first objective, the shadowy glacis of the dark hill within which, spell-bound and earth-bound and gold-bound, the Maiden sits? For we must not forget that is what Tarpeia and her rock meant for them. They were assaulting the stronghold of a female earth-spirit, as well as the hill of Saturn and the mound of the buried head—and of course, also, a virtually impregnable military position.



A native Celtic carving in soft stone, found in Bohemia and now in the National Museum, Prague

But as for Juno and her sacred geese, they were upstart and-new-fangled on this height of ancient under-dreads. Perhaps that is why the cackling did the trick; for it is the continuing fate of Celtdom to be betrayed by the gods of the newer culture-phase. A fate which had not begun to show itself at that date, early in the fourth century B.C., but which later was to develop. This was in part derived from their war-techniques being increasingly outmoded.

But there was much more to it than methods of warfare. Later again this sense of fighting a losing battle was to find expression in a kind of defeat-tradition which is part of the texture of the poetry of the peoples of the 'Celtic Survival' in the first millennium A.D.

Birth Time of the Welsh Nation

There was a 'Second Heroic Age' for some of the Celtic peoples in the sub-Roman and post-Roman periods. It was the birth time of the Welsh nation and of the Welsh language. The earliest surviving poem in that language, a poem as it were celebrative of that birth, does in fact celebrate the death of 300 horsemen, armed, it would seem, in the late-Roman manner, but all wearing gold torques like Virgil's Gauls, and like my Dying Gaul in the suburban art-school. Much the same might be said for the succeeding stratum of poetry which is concerned with the loss of Pengwern (Shrewsbury) and the burning of the Hall of Cynddylan and the death at the Ford of Morlas on the River Llawen of the last remaining of Llywarch's twenty-four sons. The Gaul dies daily in this birth-poetry of Wales.

This tradition, with new calamities piling up in plenty to give the old saws their modern instances and to intensify the feeling in differing localities of the Celtic lands, developed, centuries later still and under the influence of a European-wide movement, a romantic conception of Celtdom, whereby, as we all know, if you want a minstrel boy it is 'In the ranks of death you'll find him'. So again the Gaul dies, this time in Ireland, to be sung in the drawing-rooms of the English-speaking world. But, to be fair to the Romantic Movement of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it must be observed that one hardly has to bend over backwards in order to find in the authentic early deposits the requisite material for the romantic to use.

But to get back to the Gaulish assault-party of Virgil: he notes the milk-white necks and the gold torques round the necks and the golden-hued hair. He conveys the feeling of necks and heads and shoulders bent forward to the assault and he notes the gleam of iron weapons. The scene is familiar enough. Take away the gold and add some rusted wire and there you have it. He notes that their shields are of the longish Celtic type and that each man has in his hands two heavy, iron-headed, Celtic javelins. Thus Virgil makes Vulcan to have been a most ingenious and observant artist and archaeologically almost as much in the know as Sir Mortimer Wheeler. But that, after all, was only good classical theology, for Vulcan was, with Minerva, tutelar of all made works. Thus do Virgil's living Gauls bring us back to our Dying Gaul.

A Native Celtic Carving

In Plate 2 of Mr. Powell's book there is a carving in soft stone of a man's head*. It is broken off at the neck but sufficient remains for the torque to be seen meeting in two large bosses under the strangely elongated chin. It is a native Celtic carving found in Bohemia and now in the National Museum in Prague. In date, it is roughly contemporaneous with the Pergamon bronze of the Dying Gaul. Apart from this contemporaneity they could hardly have less in common. For the one is a fair example of how a Celt appeared from the outside, to an artist employing the idealized realism of the classical academic tradition, whereas the other is Celtdom itself, felt from the inside. In this fragment (less than ten inches high) we get just a glimpse of what sculpture in the round could accomplish among the Celts of the La Tène culture, and a hint, perhaps, of possible further developments—but which the Muse of History decided could not be.

This stone head is a work illustrative of the continuous characteristic tendency to transmogrify observed objects (in this case elements of the human face) by the use of stylized motifs which

none the less retain a powerful representational significance within a dynamic abstract form. But apart from the aesthetic interest there was another, separate thing that riveted my attention: the face itself was strangely familiar. This puzzled me for a while and then I recalled a photograph which I had seen a year or two back in an obituary notice of a representative figure in recent Welsh religious and eisteddfodic circles. His was the face called up by this highly formalized cult-object of the warrior-hegemony of Middle Europe of twenty-three centuries ago. It seems a far cry indeed. This was a personal impression only, yet one which was dramatically confirmed later by a friend, who taking one glance at the photograph of the Celtic cult-figure said the two words 'Elfed Lewis'.

I record this for what it is worth at a time when I see that in various circles the very idea of a common Celtdom is regarded as being a figment of eighteenth or nineteenth century English romanticism.

In order to glance for a brief moment at the latter end of Celtdom as an institutional entity, we must look across the narrow Celtic Sea to Holy Ireland. The last Gaelic overlordship in Ireland to be made valid at a stone of inauguration seems to have been as late as 1592, whereas in Scotland the practice has ceased nearly three and a half centuries earlier. I can recall no evidence of its survival among the Brythonic Celts of Wales, for though the Welsh codes tell us about the king, they cast no light on the forms used at his inauguration; which is a nuisance, because this ceremony at the stone of inauguration provided a direct link, through Celtic Antiquity and Indo-European practice, back to the men of the Megalithic Culture.

At the stone the names of the chieftain's ancestors were recited and his own identity confirmed in the presence of the people, rather as today at papal burials the *Rogito* is recited by the Notary of the Chapter. Listening last autumn to the broadcast of the interment rites of the Pontifex Maximus, and hearing, for the first time, those confirmatory and identifying data recited by the Notary, my thoughts went back to the stones of inauguration where the chieftain died to his former status and put on the new life of kingship—New Grange Tumulus and the twelve-columned undercroft of St. Peter's, called the Confession, had met; Capitoline Hill and Tara Hill had kissed each other.

The Bardic Academies

Another essential institution that survived was that of the bardic academies whereby the collective memory of the community was safeguarded. A pivotal Christian figure, St. Columba, had himself seen to it, at the Synod of Drumceat, that the bardic schools should not be jettisoned, thereby securing, side by side with the institutions of the new Judaeo-Hellenistic cult of Christ, this heritage of Celtic Antiquity.

Thus that particular Dying Gaul was, by Columba's insight alone, saved for another thousand years. For the Synod of Drumceat was in 575, and by the late sixteenth century the 'sage and serious Spenser' was writing: 'If they be well followed one winter, ye shall have little work to do with them the next summer'. The twin target was Irish revolt and Irish Catholicity. As we know well, those terrible twins both survived. But the full weight of fire intended for them fell with deadly effect on something behind them, and, to use an Irishism, something far older than either of them. What was brought to its term was a hieratic pattern of society which had survived as a functioning organism from pre-history.

We have to go back behind Celtdom itself to understand how it comes about that things as widely separated in both time and space as the Mahabharatan epic of India and the poetry of Homeric Greece find an echo in our own early Welsh and Irish material. Once upon a time this common culture had given to us the sky-gods, the 'vedas', the 'bright ones', whether Varuna in Mother India, or the Heavenly Twins in Middle Sea, or Camulus or Mabon in our own Lear Sea.

But, as Mr. Christopher Dawson especially noted in an early book of his, *The Age of the Gods*, there is duality, a dichotomy perhaps, in Celtdom. The warrior-aristocracy had its sky-gods but beneath it were peoples of differing physical and psychological make-up and I would stress the need of not forgetting these under-

strata in any discussion of the characteristics of the peoples we call Celtic today.

For example: it has been observed that at Cardiff Arms Park the French XV appear of darker hue than their Welsh opponents, yet both fifteens are representative of peoples with an inalienable right to consider themselves as having various affinities, including at least some consanguinity, with the golden-headed, gold-torqued warriors of Virgil's poem. There used to be a theory of an all round increase in nigrescence; or, in shorthand: What's under works up. I have no idea whether this theory is still respectable or is now discredited.

In sixteenth-century Ireland, it was the surviving western-most peripheral remnant of the ancient pattern of Celtdom that failed to survive the Justice of the Faerie Queen. So that as an aid to our memories, we could say that the Dying Gaul did die in 1603, the same year as 'Sidanen', 'the silky one' as Elizabeth Tudor was called in Wales, the year of the death in Rome of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, the last really great chieftain of an authentically Celtic society. It need hardly be stressed how

in other ways and divers manners the Dying Gaul is not dead yet.

Especially so, when the most creative literary genius of this century, using English as the *lingua franca* of a megalopolitan civilization, developed an art-form showing an essential Celtness: intricate, complex, flexible, exact, and abstract. An art forged in exile by a man of our placeless cosmopolis, yet an art wholly determined by place, a place, an exact site, an art which, for its *materia poetica*, employs stuff from all the strata and the flux, from before and before again. For it is impossible in recalling the Dying Gaul not to recall James Joyce: and impossible in that recalling not to recall the words from the Dublin street-ballad: 'Bedad he revives! See how he raises!'

These are some few of my own vagrant thoughts as I contemplate this famous antique, which I encountered for the first time just fifty years ago, having then but little, or rather no, idea of what significance it was to hold for me, or of how it would condition my feelings in all sorts of contexts, both personal and impersonal, from then till now.—*Third Programme*

Aspirations in Perspective

By SIR HERBERT READ

THE perspective I have in view stretches from the present year back to the period immediately preceding the first world war—to be precise, let us say the year 1911, the year in which at the age of eighteen I became a student at a provincial university in the north of England. The city of Leeds was not exactly a centre of cultural activity in those days but, nevertheless, in the three years that remained before the outbreak of war in 1914 I made my first exciting contacts with the revolution in the arts that was just then dawning.

There were two reasons why, at this early age and in this remote place, that contact should have been made. In Leeds had been born, some forty years earlier, a man who was at this time the most lively mind in England—A. R. Orage, a man 'interested in everything except vulgarity', as Bernard Shaw said of him. He had left Leeds three or four years before I arrived, and was then in London editing the *New Age*, a weekly periodical to which all the *avant-garde* in art and literature was then contributing—not only newcomers like T. E. Hulme and Ezra Pound, but also established writers like Arnold Bennett and G. K. Chesterton, and even on occasions Bernard Shaw himself. Orage had founded an art club in Leeds, and it was not long before I had discovered it and joined it; and there I met several people who had known Orage and still shared his views on art and politics.

The other lucky chance was the presence, in that smoky city, as Vice-Chancellor of the University, of Sir Michael Sadler. Sadler was one of the earliest collectors of modern painting in this country, and in his collection were works by such artists as Gauguin and Kandinsky. Sometimes he would hang one of

these then revolutionary paintings in the hall or corridor of the university; but I also, unknown to him, saw the collection in his own house, for I knew his housekeeper and would sometimes take tea with her, in his absence. In this manner my interest in modern art was first aroused—an interest that never died.

What were our hopes and aspirations for art in those far-away peaceful days? They were, of course, hopes and aspirations unclouded by any thought of war. In 1905 Matisse had painted a picture called *Luxe, Calme et Volupté*, and a year later one called *Joie de Vivre*. There was not much *joie de vivre* in the industrial slums of Leeds, but it was still possible to think of art as an escape from ugliness and anxiety—an art, as Matisse himself had said in 1908, 'of balance, of purity and serenity, devoid of troubling or depressing subject matter, an art which might be for every mental worker, be he business man or writer, like an appealing influence, a mental soother, something like a good armchair in which to rest from physical fatigue'. Such a sentiment sounds

almost blasphemous today, but I am trying to recover the pre-war mood, and I think these words of Matisse express it well enough.

In poetry there was the same *luxe, calme et volupté*. In this same year, 1908, Yeats had published *The Unicorn from the Stars*, which ends with the following message:

To be too headstrong and too open, that is the beginning of the trouble. To keep to yourself the thing that you know, and to do in quiet the thing that you want to do. There would be no disturbance at all in the world, all people to bear that in mind!

This mood was to be suddenly shattered by war, but there had been presentiments of tragedy, and the writings of Wells,



Boar Lane, Leeds, c. 1911



'Joie de Vivre', by Matisse

From 'Modern French Painters', by R. H. Wilenski (Faber)

Shaw, and Galsworthy were to a great extent protests against complacency. In painting, an ominous note crept in with Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, which was painted in 1907; they are not beautiful, these young ladies of Avignon, but grotesque: it was the first sign of the influence of African tribal art on contemporary European art. The style of this painting might be called expressionistic, which was the name given to a new school that began to emerge in Germany at this time. Between 1907 and 1914, everywhere in Europe, a new art was taking shape. Even in England we had the *Blast* of Wyndham Lewis, the first number of which appeared in June 1914 and was full of angry protest: angry young men are not a new phenomenon. But in 1913 young men had something to be angry about, not so much the war when it came but the spiritual decadence out of which that monstrous war was born. We thought that the spirit could be renewed, and the creative achievements of the twenty years that followed the painting of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon* are there to prove it—in painting and in literature one of the greatest, if one of the briefest, epochs of European culture.

I still have letters and diaries which show how full of foolish hope and vain ambition we were in those days; and they show, too, how, in my case at any rate, those hopes and ambitions survived the war. It was the peace that killed them—slowly, cruelly, relentlessly. But let me first try to give some idea of these pre-war aspirations, as they appeared to a young poet of the time.

When in 1934 Ezra Pound published a collection of critical essays, some of which were written before the war, he chose for title the phrase *Make It New*, and I think that phrase adequately describes our aspirations—not a rebirth, a renaissance of old traditions, but a renewal of life itself and all its cultural manifestations. Politically most of us were guild socialists, for that was the political programme of the *New Age*. We wanted to renew the whole fabric of society, and we were innocent enough to suppose that the trade unions, once they had won a living wage, would become guilds of craftsmen, accepting responsibility for the quality of their products in the manner of the craftsmen of the Middle Ages. Work itself would be transformed into a joyful activity.

We thought that if war came the workers of the world would unite and frustrate the war-makers. That was to be our first disillusion. But, outside politics, we thought that art itself could be renewed, and by this we meant not merely the integration of art and work, which was an essential part of our guild socialism, but rather a renewal of the materials and forms of art. Language itself would be renewed, by the use of new words and new images; and new forms would be invented in which to

express a new philosophy of life. Invented they were. We threw over the docile traditions that prevailed in verse, the so-called Georgian poetry, and we created a new poetry in free-verse—T. S. Eliot's *Prufer*, which was published in 1917, was one of the first manifestations in English of this new way of writing poetry, and it was to win universal recognition. But *The Cantos* of Ezra Pound, which he began to write in 1916, are an even more intransigent example of this newness. Even Yeats, as he confessed, threw away the old embroidered coat in which he used to dress up his songs and decided there was 'more enterprise in walking naked'.

The same renewal was attempted in prose, and in this medium James Joyce's *Ulysses*—which should have appeared as a serial in a small periodical called *The Egoist* in 1918, but was diverted to the *American Little Review* because no English firm would undertake the printing—was the first and remains the supreme example of this renewal of the very substance of literature.

I have said that all this activity survived the war—it persisted during the war, and the nineteen-twenties were the years of its efflorescence. And then it came to an end. What happened? Why did we lose hope and confidence: why did this great renewal of art and literature die before it came to maturity: why could it not consolidate the position it had won by 1925?

At the end of a lecture which the Swiss-German painter Paul Klee gave in Jena in 1924—the profoundest statement on modern art ever made—this great artist confessed sadly: *Uns trägt kein Volk*—the people are not with us. And that, in four words, is the whole truth. In 1911 there did seem to be a possibility of integrating art and society—we still lived with the high idealism of William Morris and Peter Kropotkin. But the people drew away from us. They preferred their narrow parochial interests to the possibility of an international world of workers. They reckoned that by a sectional drive for improved conditions they could secure from their employers, or the state as a totalitarian employer, a higher standard of life than any that would be possible under international socialism, which would involve a levelling of standards of life all over the world. And how right they were! By ruthless concentration on their immediate interests they have effected in Great Britain a silent revolution more drastic and more beneficial than the violent revolution that took place in Russia. They have secured a Welfare State, and now enjoy a standard of living incomparably higher than any that existed before the first world war.

At the same time another revolution has taken place—a technological revolution—and this revolution has put into the homes and the hands of the inhabitants of the new Welfare State means of entertainment which never existed before. The gramophone and the film, broadcasting, and television now provide the people with all the interest and amusement they have time for. Insidiously these mass-media of communication, as they are called, have destroyed the whole social basis of personal arts like poetry or painting, and now these arts, if they live at all, live on charity. The people of the Welfare State are not interested in art: art is highbrow, art is phoney, art is a challenge to feeling and understanding which they resent.

Panis et circenses; bread and circuses; it is not the first time that a culture has perished from similar causes. One clings vainly to the hope that out of these new media of mass-communication a new art-form may emerge, but I must confess that as time passes I lose even this last faint hope. Art will survive, as it did in the Dark Ages, in small circles, among the élite. But for art to become socially significant again, which is to say for art to recover its greatness, great social changes must first take place. Mankind will perhaps grow tired of its playthings and cast them aside; universal boredom will lead to universal despair, and art will be renewed when life itself has to be renewed.

—General Overseas Service

A. E. Housman as a Classical Scholar

By D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY

HOUSMAN I only saw (and heard). I remember the scene, perhaps suspiciously well—an old-fashioned lecture room in Trinity. As a first-year undergraduate I had been advised by my Director of Studies to go there on an April morning in 1936. He had let me understand that I might look on the suggestion as a sort of compliment; Professor Housman was a great man, whose lectures were not for everybody. I arrived a few minutes late, after some trouble in finding the room, and was rewarded with a brief glance of tired hostility from the spare figure at the desk—‘the indeterminate little man with a scraggy moustache’ of a recent description. My impression was less irreverent: of one austere and withdrawn even beyond the run of elderly dons. His voice, clear but monotonous, spoke of Catullus’s manuscripts and editors—names like Böhrens and Robinson Ellis—in terms which I was later to recognize as characteristic. I never heard it again. A day or two later a notice appeared: Professor Housman was ill and would be unable to lecture. In a fortnight he was dead.

It had not been an eventful life. Forty-four years as a Professor of Latin, first in London, then in Cambridge, ten purgatorial years in the Patent Office, behind that Oxford and a Worcestershire childhood. His celebrated failure in Greats, which will probably never be quite satisfactorily explained, makes the only touch of drama. Scholars’ lives are apt to be unexciting nowadays, and Housman’s seems especially so because so few people—no one in later years—could more than guess at what went on behind a rather drab façade. There had once been the urge to poetry and, less productive, to passionate friendship; so much was public property. After these fires had burned low there remained the consciousness of loss. But of such matters the later Housman did not speak. A buried life: one of the books about him bears that title.

It would be too much to say that from the age of thirty-five or thereabouts classical scholarship was his life—he went on producing poetry sporadically long after that—but for him and for his world it was the part that really counted. There, to use his own phrase, he built his monument; for Housman was a man who combined a firm disbelief in personal survival after death with an irrational and highly Roman craving for posthumous fame, and I feel certain that he would have wished to be remembered on the hundredth anniversary of his birth above all as a scholar.

Not that he was careless of his standing as a poet; and to most people his poetry must always seem his most important achievement. But I had better leave that for literary critics to discuss, as they frequently do. As a classical scholar Housman was, beyond serious dispute, among the greatest of all time. Not the greatest, certainly: of Bentley’s superiority in their common field of textual criticism he was himself intolerantly convinced. And he would never have denied that Mommsen and Wilamowitz were cast in a larger mould. He published much; but the measure of his scholarship, as of his verse, was narrow. Apart from some early

work on Greek tragedy, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the text and interpretation (I use the latter word in its restricted sense) of classical Latin poets. He says of his commentary on the astrologer poet Manilius, his *magnum opus*, that it is designed to treat of two matters only: what Manilius wrote and what he meant. And almost everything that Housman published on classical authors—the editions of Juvenal and Lucan, as well as the mass of articles in learned journals—might be similarly described.

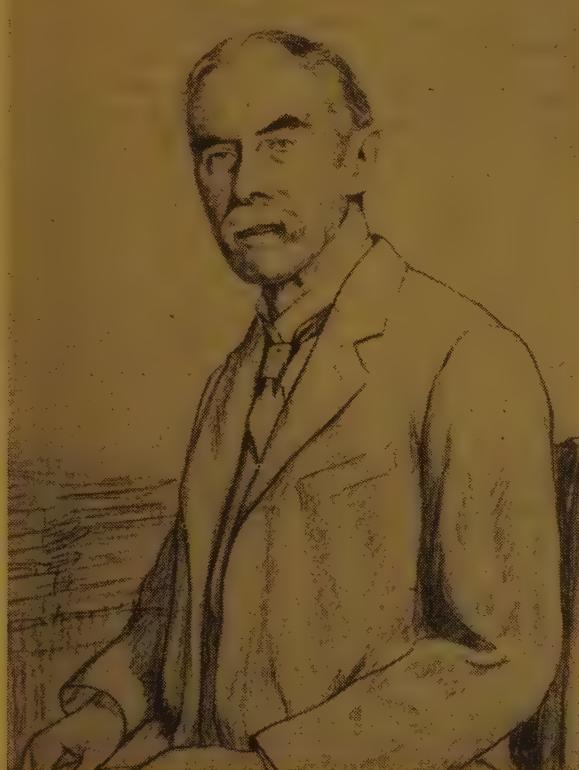
A detailed and admirably balanced appreciation of Housman’s work is to be found in Mr. A. S. F. Gow’s book of 1936: I shall rather set out to isolate the thing which makes it possible to revere him beyond any other classical scholar, even beyond those who were by and large uncontestedly greater. It is not that he started or represented a trend, though that in a sense he did. In the latter half of the last century a foolish practice had established itself among the editors of ancient authors, especially in Germany—the practice of adhering through thick and thin to the readings of a chosen manuscript. You decided, not always on adequate grounds, that one manuscript preserved the author’s original text more faithfully than the rest, and you stuck to its readings whenever they could by any stretch be defended, and sometimes when they could not. I am simplifying a little, but that was the tendency, one which made life easy for editors and hard for readers. It was a fashion none the less foolish because it reversed an earlier fashion of violent and irresponsible conjecture. Housman attacked it by precept and example; and, so far as battles against stupidity are ever

won, he triumphed. Here are his words, from the preface to his final volume of *Manilius* which was published only six years before his death:

My first reception was not worse than I expected. I provoked less enmity and insolence than Scaliger or Bentley in proportion as my merits were less eminent and unbearable than theirs. But my disregard of established opinions and my disrespect for contemporary fashions in scholarship made the ignorant feel sure that I was greatly and presumptuously in error and could be put down without much difficulty; and critiques were accordingly published which I do not suppose that their authors would now wish to rescue from oblivion. Not by paying any attention to any of them, not by swerving an inch from my original principles and practice, but by the mere act of living on and continuing to be the same, I have changed that state of things; and the deaf adder, though I can hardly say that she has unstopped her own ears, has begun to stifle her hisses for fear that they should reach the ears of posterity.

The tone may not be to everybody’s liking, but the words are true. It is largely thanks to Housman that we do not find so many editors nowadays eager to construe, as the phrase goes, through a brick wall.

All the same, his refusal to subscribe to a false method was not the exaltation of a rival method: he did not much believe in methods. Housman believed in treating philological problems on their individual merits: you could lay down hard-and-fast rules,



A. E. Housman (1859-1936) in the year of his death: a drawing by Francis Dodd in the National Portrait Gallery

he said, but if you did, they would be false rules. To do as he did successfully needs a rare combination of gifts and acquirements: learning, for one. Housman's was enormous: he took no pains either to parade or to conceal it. Since the Romans are not here to be asked what is or is not good Latin, their usage has to be deduced from the writings that survive, so that to edit a Latin author effectively one must go through a large quantity of literature in search of parallel passages which may throw light on this or that difficulty. Housman's notes are storehouses of these; he deployed them, never superfluously indeed or irrelevantly, but with gusto. And I have always suspected that the animus which he sometimes seemed to show against the great German dictionary, the *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae*, had partly to do with a feeling that such compilations help lazy scholars to conceal their lack of reading.

Housman's acuteness in diagnosing a textual fault and his resourcefulness in emendation were as remarkable as his erudition. Sometimes they led him astray, particularly in his earlier work in which, like Ovid, he was often too much in love with his own genius: it takes a good many years under modern conditions to mature a textual critic. Even to the end he could be too reluctant to admit defeat when victory was impossible, or over-much inclined to credit his authors with as sharp a sense of logic as his own. But in the poets among whom he felt most at home, Ovid and the post-Augustans, his literary tact saved him from the lapses of less sensitive emendators. And however complex or recondite his matter, his style in Latin or English remained clear as light—an agile, provocative, intensely personal style, partly deriving from Bentley's but with a closer affinity, I sometimes think, to Bernard Shaw's.

Passionate Zeal

Greatly as I admire these things, I do not venerate them. When I ask myself what it is that has made my readings of the *Manilius* the most memorable intellectual experience of my life, I look to another quality, which I find in no other comparable scholar to anything like the same degree. I mean Housman's unremitting, passionate zeal to see each one of the innumerable problems in his text not as others had presented it or as he might have preferred it to appear but exactly as it was. Is that so unusual? Unfortunately it is. Dull critics solve difficulties only by accident, clever ones are continually being deflected, as Bentley and Housman himself in his early period so often were, by excitement at their own ingenuities, or perhaps by some half-conscious prejudice—the desire, for instance, to support manuscripts against conjectures or one manuscript against another. The result is plausibility rather than truth.

Housman calls two eminent contemporary Latinists (who were largely responsible for the manuscript worship to which I have referred), Bücheler and Vahlen, 'men of wide learning and no mean acuteness, but without simplicity of judgment'; and of an earlier editor of *Manilius* he writes that he was 'no marvel of learning or brilliancy or penetration; but the prime virtue of a critic, worth all the rest, he had: simplicity and rectitude of judgment'. Housman was a marvel of learning and brilliancy and penetration: and he had, or came to have, the prime virtue; which is to say that he clung to reality, abhorring from the bottom of his soul all efforts to fit it upon frames or smother it in cotton wool. Reality, in philology as elsewhere, is often inconvenient. So much the worse: 'They say my verse is sad'.

The devil's advocate must have his word: 'Didn't Housman tend to put things too dogmatically, wasn't his presentation of a case often rhetorical and one-sided?' This is true, and it is the heaviest count against him—though one must not forget that he followed a rhetorical tradition and that editors who set out all that can be said for every point of view may lack publishers (or readers) for their interminable notes. But the distinction is this: he would always—or nearly always, being human—make up his mind without bias. Of the conclusion once formed he became sometimes too exclusive, even egotistical, a champion.

Other criticisms are less valid. W. M. Lindsay used to gird at him incessantly for his disregard of *Überlieferungsgeschichte*—the history of particular texts—and other palaeographical matters. In fact Housman kept palaeography in its proper place as the servant of critical judgment, while Lindsay would have put it in

control. An eminent American Latinist, Professor Hendrickson, has expressed surprise that Housman so often took his reports of manuscript readings from others instead of collating the manuscripts himself. Collation is a job for clerks or electronic machines, and a scholar who happens to possess a brain capable of more delicate operations is right to let others do it for him whenever he fairly can.

Keeping within his Limits

Another line of attack is that Housman spent his efforts on authors of inferior calibre. That is partly untrue and it is partly irrelevant. Hardly anything in the remnants of ancient literature is without some value for those who value such things at all. And a born textual critic is like a physician; he does not go too anxiously into the merit of what he heals: he gives his aid where it is most needed and most effectual. That Housman lacked aptitude for broad generalization or for the arrangement of masses of unco-ordinated material, everyone must admit; this was the corollary of his intensely clear vision of detail. But he knew his limits, and kept well within them.

His ferocity towards other scholars—in print, never in person—is a fundamental matter, and if one does not understand and to a great extent sympathize with that, one cannot understand Housman. I have seen it stated again and again that he denounced inaccuracy. Sometimes he did, when it was flagrant and habitual, but it is a gross mistake to imagine him as lying in wait to pounce upon the occasional factual error, to which the best of scholars is liable. His *saeva indignatio* was nearly always reserved for pretentious incompetence, intellectual fraud, meanness of spirit, and that compound of the three which makes men band together, with cries of mutual encouragement, round a fashionable totem. Against these things Housman waged war, without respect of persons or enmity towards them (the myth of his anti-Germanism was long ago exploded by Mr. Gow). That notorious notebook of his in which he entered verbal shafts, not pointed against anybody in particular but for use as occasion might arise, is evidence of a hatred of certain human tendencies (not men) which left him no rest. He could not—and it is the emotional mainspring of his poetry—just 'see injustice done'. Let it be added that Housman, while his praise was occasionally partial, was hardly ever wrong when he denounced. Robinson Ellis had, among scholars, the intellect of an idiot child, Francken was a born blunderer, marked cross from the womb and perverse, van Wageningen's commentary does most resemble a magpie's nest.

Was It Worth While?

Housman might have agreed with Napoleon that the worst form of immorality is to engage in a calling of which one is not a master. But such anger and disgust in connexion with classical learning may seem ludicrous to people who do not reflect that a bad reading in *Manilius* and a world war can spring from the same moral and intellectual roots. It is easy to put down his life work as a squandering of intellect upon laborious trifles. The question 'was it worth while?' plunges into metaphysics. I suppose it cannot be answered, and yet, in the retrospect of such a career, it will not be put aside. Housman, who was no philosopher, answered it himself in an inaugural lecture at London, but not to his own lasting satisfaction. Shall we say that one man edits *Manilius*, as another climbs Everest, because it is there? But the pebbles on the shore are there, and only children count them. I am no philosopher either, but I will risk two not specially original suggestions. First, a pursuit which engages the interest of a considerable number of intelligent people can empirically be reckoned 'worth while'. Second, a society which cares only for work that is somehow aimed at the satisfaction of its lust for power or its physical appetites (and, by the way, Housman did not neglect his appetites, at least so far as eating and drinking were concerned) should be in a fair way towards an inglorious end, of bombs or boredom.—*Third Programme*

Recent pamphlets published for the Historical Association by Routledge and Kegan Paul include: *Origins of the First World War*, by Bernadotte E. Schmitt (2s. 6d.); *The German Revolution 1918-1919*, by A. J. Ryder (2s. 6d.); and *English Constitutional History. A Select Bibliography*, by S. B. Chrimes and I. A. Roots (3s. 6d.).

Natural Selection Re-examined

By RONALD GOOD

LAST July biologists all over the world celebrated the centenary of what proved to be one of the most fecund biological ideas ever put forward—Darwin and Wallace's hypothesis of the origin of species by means of natural selection, or, as it is now usually but inaccurately called, the theory of natural selection. Fruitful it has indeed been because not only have its fertilizing effects made themselves felt in almost every branch of natural philosophy but it has been the presiding genius at the births of many subsequent advances in biology. Seldom can such varied tributes as those paid to it last year have been so richly deserved.

No Unanimous Favourable Opinion

But after all a centenary is only a rather special kind of birthday, and birthdays are not the proper occasions for recalling shortcomings, because no one wants the festivities marred by jarring notes. Stock-taking and fault-finding are best left for another day and so we have not unnaturally heard much more lately about the merits of the Darwinian hypothesis than about its weaknesses. So much that it has even been difficult to realize that far from there being unanimous and favourable opinion about it, there is a considerable and, it is fair to say, steadily growing realization that natural selection is not, and can never have been, that principal cause of evolution that it is still too often claimed to be.

The reasons for this less published point of view are not only good and interesting in themselves but also of great importance for a better understanding of the other living things about us, and they may therefore, on this count alone, justifiably claim to be heard. Some of them are comparatively unimportant but others involve far-reaching scientific principles, and it is these that I want particularly to discuss.

Let me begin by doing my best to clear away one or two difficulties that are nearly always allowed to obscure the target when natural selection comes under fire. The first is this. To question the value of natural selection as an evolutionary process is in no way to deny the existence in nature of the kind of competition to which the words 'natural selection' are often applied, because it is all too obviously a matter of common observation that circumstances of this kind do occur. We *know* that all progeny born do not always live to maturity, and that some individuals survive while others do not; and if this deserves the name of natural selection then clearly enough natural selection is a reality. The question is not whether this assertion is true or false, but whether this kind of competition between individual plants and animals can have been the chief cause, or even one of the chief causes, of the evolution of the organic world. That is the plain issue, and, in the long run, nothing will be gained by burking it.

A second point, also too often forgotten today, is that it rests with those who believe in the importance of natural selection to produce the requisite incontrovertible evidence of it. It is for its supporters to show that their claims for it are justified. Their opponents are under no obligation to disprove it, nor under any necessity to find a more satisfactory substitute for it. It is likely that a real understanding of evolution will long elude us, but this should make us more, rather than less, cautious in committing ourselves irrevocably to something of which the truth is neither readily apparent nor demonstrable.

Another thing we must be clear about from the beginning is that criticism of the hypothesis of natural selection is no new thing. The main objections to it were clearly stated in its very early days, but for a variety of reasons their force was then often fairly easy to blunt. For instance many of them came from people who were not trained biologists (of whom, it may be noted, there were few at the time) and their objections could be countered summarily on grounds of ignorance, despite the fact that Darwin's

hypothesis appealed so largely to the evidence of common observation and experience. Moreover, much of the opposition to the idea was based on either faith or prejudice rather than on reason, and this again was an easy target. Also, Darwin himself disarmed much criticism by the engaging candour with which he referred to many of the difficulties in his idea. To recognize adverse opinions frankly is a sign of the true scientist and Darwin is justly commended and remembered for this, but the practical effect at the time was to delude many into thinking that by mentioning them in this way he had disposed of them.

This was far from being so and many of the criticisms of those early days are as valid now as they were then. For example, there is the difficulty of ascribing selective value to characters in an early stage of evolution before they become fully functional (what are called incipient characters); there is the point that the competition on which, by definition, selection must depend, is competition between individuals and not between species, and is therefore something of a quite different potential from anything required for the origin of species; there is the lack of any good evidence for the widespread elimination of the less fit that the hypothesis requires. Above all there is the very reasonable and—dare I say?—self-evident statement that no amount of selection alone can *initiate* novelty; and it is the origin of novelty, in the sense of the periodic appearance of conditions which have never before occurred, that must have been the fundamental theme of the evolutionary story. Such objections as these have never been met, though they have become blanketed in varying degrees by circumstances.

Criticism was also muffled by a widespread confusion of thought between the idea of evolution in general and the hypothesis of natural selection in particular. What seems to have happened is this. The principle of natural selection was suggested as an explanation of the occurrence of evolution in the organic world, but at that time the concept of evolution was by no means widely accepted, and thus both the principle and the explanation met with opposition, and they became confused in the public mind. Hence, when, in due course, a belief in the general theory of organic evolution became established there was an almost inevitable jump to the conclusion that the evidence against natural selection had fallen to the ground in the same way and at the same time as that against the idea of evolution itself. Confusion on this point persists to this very day and even now criticism of natural selection is liable to be construed as an attack on the theory of evolution. There is of course no necessary connexion between the two.

Unhealthy Degree of Prestige

Another troublesome matter is that the hypothesis of natural selection has, also for a variety of reasons, gradually acquired a not altogether healthy degree of prestige, which is hard to break down. It has become, if only by reiteration, so firmly ensconced as part of our general outlook on nature that it needs real determination to cast doubt on it. Biologists are conditioned to it from their earliest education and are seldom taught that there are conflicting opinions about it.

But all this is familiar and well-trodden ground. There are two other much more important and absorbing reasons why the hypothesis of natural selection should be searchingly reconsidered now. The first is that it is unscientific because it depends too much on false parallels and weakly supported assumptions. The second is that it is no longer appropriate to the moral, social, and educational climate of our time.

Perhaps the most striking instance of false parallel in it is the comparison commonly drawn between the observable processes of human or artificial selection and the supposed processes of natural selection. Even in up-to-date books about evolution one

can still find the claim made that nature selects, as parents, those individuals best fitted to survive, in just the same way as the human plant or animal breeder selects, as parents, those individuals which best meet his requirements. Such a comparison is dangerously easy to make but easily shown to be unsound. There is no real similarity between the two cases.

The human selector deliberately—and I stress this word—prefers some individuals to others as potential parents because they show, and promise to perpetuate, one or more characteristics which are, to the breeder, desirable. He chooses these parents because he thinks that they are likely, more quickly and more successfully than others, to lead towards the goal he has set himself. Whatever the processes to which the name natural selection may be applied it cannot be similar to this because, by definition alone, it cannot be the result of human deliberation.

Indeed at the crucial point the two processes are fundamentally distinct. In human selection every care is taken to *shield* the individuals from natural environmental contact, for the very reason that it is only in the absence of this that human selection can succeed in its task. In natural selection it is these environmental contacts that are held to be the operative factors and without which the process is impossible. It is the element of *protection* from natural consequences, and the maintenance of what is in effect an artificial habitat in selection by man which makes comparison with what may happen under more natural conditions unsound. Selection by man succeeds only when the processes to which the name natural selection applies are prevented.

Insufficiently supported assumptions are, in relation to natural selection, best seen in what may be described as the anthropocentric approach to evolutionary problems. By this word I mean the description, or depiction, or explanation of what happens in nature in terms of what happens among human beings.

'Protective Resemblance'

This kind of thing is plainly seen in many instances of what biologists call 'protective resemblance' and a simple example of this will perhaps make the point clearer. Take the case of some kind of small animal, the individuals of which, when at rest in their natural surroundings, are difficult to detect by the human eye—like, for instance, a moth which habitually rests on bark which is much the same colour as itself. Here the argument of natural selection runs somewhat as follows. The more difficult an insect is to detect the less likely it is to be seen by a predator (commonly a bird) and therefore the more closely an insect resembles the bark on which it rests the more chance it will have of surviving to reproduce its kind. Since no two individuals of a species are ever exactly alike, some of them will be *more* like bark than others are, and on this account will survive. Thus in each generation there is, as it were, a premium on close resemblance. This will continue cumulatively from generation to generation, and the characters which constitute the resemblance will become ever more accentuated and their possessors ever more unlike their progenitors in this regard. Eventually this unlikeness will amount quantitatively to the sort of unlikeness commonly to be seen between different species, and a new species can then be said to have originated.

In this proposition the weakness that concerns us here is that it can be valid only on one assumption, namely that the predator in the case hunts its victim solely by sight, and indeed by cursory visual examination at that. In other words it supposes that the bird concerned is no quicker at detecting the presence of the insect than a man would be. However much this may seem to be so from the human point of view it is in fact an assumption, and it would surely be a bold biologist who would maintain that the bird possesses no better means of tracking its prey than this.

The trouble here is that unless it is assumed that the predators hunt by sight alone it is difficult to give a facile explanation of the resemblance. If the predators do not so hunt then it clearly cannot be regarded as protective, and if it is not protective its most obvious relation with survival or the reverse is broken. The use of the purposive word 'protective' really dodges the issue, but it does prepare the way for the teleological kind of explanation so satisfying to the human mind, and the biologist is not called on to admit that he does not know. This anxiety not to be left without an explanation is natural and often proper, but we

must never allow it to compel us to the point of making unwarranted assumptions.

This example of the bird, the insect, and the bark is one of the simplest of what is called protective resemblance. There are many more difficult ones, including two related but distinct biological topics in which the element of assumption is even more conspicuous, namely 'warning colouration' and so-called 'mimicry'. But I must content myself with one brief comment only. Resemblances of the kind we have mentioned are known not only among animals but also among plants, where they are, perhaps, even more common, but for obvious reasons these botanical resemblances have never been the victims of such anthropocentric notions as 'protection', 'warning', and 'mimicry', nor of the assumptions involved in these.

An Archaic Concept?

Let us pass on to the second of the two reasons why it would seem that the time has come for a reconsideration of natural selection as a factor in evolution, the opinion that the concept is archaic and outmoded in the modern world. To me, at any rate, this reason is much more important than the one with which we have just dealt. It will help to explain why if we begin with a consideration of theories.

A theory is a supposition put forward to account for certain facts of which the significance is not self-evident. It provides an explanation that will fit the facts, and by and large the better this fit, the better the theory. The theory of evolution is a perfect and classic example of this. The facts to be explained are that the world around us is populated by, literally, millions of different kinds of plants and animals, each one distinct in some respect at least from every other, and yet all possessing fundamentally one and the same plan of form and function—by which I mean all made and working in what is basically the same fashion. In addition the fossil record of the rocks tells us that while some of these many kinds have been in existence for immensely long periods, most are the successors in time of other fewer and, on the whole, simpler pre-existing kinds. The problem is: how can this remarkable state of affairs be accounted for most rationally?

The explanation first proffered was that all these different kinds of living things had been separately, or, as the phrase goes, *specially* created in the form in which they now appear. That belief held the field unchallenged for a long time—indeed from the dawning of inquiry to about the middle of the eighteenth century—but a different view then gradually took shape. This is the belief that the state of affairs we have described is due, not to a process of special creation, but to a process of gradual evolution in nature by which all plants and animals are the products of descent with modification from earlier ancestral types. Today we accept this explanation because we think it is more in accordance with the facts than any other suggestion.

Attempt to Harmonize Facts

A hypothesis, by contrast, is a supposition put forward not so much as an explanation of particular facts (though it may in due time become one) but as a basis for reasoning, and in its purest form, without reference to its truth or falsity. It is an idea, not necessarily deducible from the facts, which promises to help us understand the matter at issue better. The concept of natural selection is essentially just such a supposition, and between it and the theory of evolution in general there is a great and commonly underestimated difference. The theory of evolution is an attempt to harmonize an enormous body of facts of many sorts, that is to say an attempt to comprehend them all in one conclusion and to organize them into a single unity of thought. The theory results directly from a consideration of the facts themselves and therefore properly deserves that name. Natural selection is more exactly a hypothesis suggesting one possible way in which evolution may be caused, that is to say the way in which it works. It postulates that natural selection has been the operative agency of evolution but it does this not on the strength of any body of particular facts but by analogy. The analogy is with certain other aspects of living nature.

Both the theory and the hypothesis are inferential in a sense but while the former is directly so, being derived straight from

the observable facts themselves, the latter is only indirectly so, being derived not so much from facts requiring explanation as from the experience of human observation about other situations.

The complaint against it is that to continue to accept the notion of natural selection as a main factor of evolution is to ignore an important principle of scientific reasoning, the principle that our ideas about any given set of things or facts can only be partial reflections of our generalized ideas about every other set of things or facts. Thus, in biological terms, we can explain the phenomena of living things only so far as is permitted by our contemporary understanding of those living things and of their relationship to their environment. This understanding, which we call the sum of human knowledge, is all the time growing greater and moving towards completeness. But at any given time our scientific beliefs can only be in phase with the degree of knowledge acquired up to that moment. Hence it is an inescapable responsibility that as this knowledge increases such of our scientific beliefs as are not susceptible to proof must be overhauled periodically. This is precisely the position in which natural selection stands today. Its hundred years of life span a period of unparalleled increase in knowledge and it must be rejudged in the light of this.

Iconoclastic Writings

The idea of special creation, which preceded the theory of evolution, remained supreme and invulnerable only for so long as it took for the development of human intelligence and awareness to reach a level at which it was capable of making a critical valuation of what it had previously been obliged to accept uncritically. Historically this stage was effectively reached with the French encyclopedists, whose advanced and iconoclastic writings came, through their influence on public opinion, to be one of the many causes of the French Revolution. They taught for instance that man was not necessarily the predestined victim of ordained forces from which he could not escape but a being capable of raising and improving himself by his own efforts, an idea which was expressed in the phrase 'the perfectibility of man'. When such notions as *these*, so welcome to human aspirations, became more and more widely diffused and understood, some kind of theory embodying the conception of an evolutionary process became inevitable. Thus the theory of evolution in the broad sense arose first as a social-political theory and only later became more particularly a biological theory.

For a matter of two generations there was not much advance from the position of the mid-eighteenth century. The idea of evolution seems to have been familiar enough to the intelligentsia but to have made little or no impact on people in general, partly because religious tradition was still too strong and partly because the idea remained without much popular appeal owing to the generally prevailing illiteracy. Especially the theory lacked a satisfactory explanatory agent. Men could have faith in the idea but they could not see how it worked.

It is not surprising therefore that when the time became ripe, as it did with Erasmus Darwin's grandson Charles, for a further hypothesis to explain the workings of evolution, the one put forward had a strong social-political flavour. In short, Charles Darwin did what had often enough been done before and what he could scarcely avoid doing: he interpreted organic nature in terms of the only species in it of which he had any first-hand experience, namely the human species. In fact he postulated that there is going on in the broader realms of nature the same kind of ruthless competition and of insensibility for those who fall by the way in the course of it, which was the outstanding feature of the early Victorian social scene.

There is nothing whatever blameworthy in this—it is one of the ways in which our minds work—and there is no denigration of a great man in making this perfectly clear. We cannot always be wholly right at once, and we must often grope for the truth. Science is not a magician's hat from which rabbits can be drawn to order. Nor is it, as it sometimes may appear to be today, a scramble for political advantage. It is properly, as it has always been, the search for truth, and truth does not commonly appear in a blinding flash. The Darwinian theory of natural selection was a majestic contribution to this search for truth. In its youth its benefit to science was enormous, and rightly concealed some of its

own inherent weaknesses. Today we can see these much more clearly because we have suffered the dangers to which some of them have led in the hands of men of less scientific scruple and stature than its author. From what we know of the thoughts and gentle character of Charles Darwin we may be pretty sure that he would have been shocked at some of the developments of his theory, such as are expressed in the phrases 'nature red in tooth and claw', 'the superman', 'might is right', or the concept that life is one unending opportunity for the greatest personal gain of the strongest. He simply translated nature in terms of the lord of creation. He could scarcely be expected to take into account the power for evil which its unique development of mind has bestowed on this one species.

Man Cannot Live Unto Himself Alone

Today, more than forty years of almost continuous upheaval have taught us by bitter experience that man, whether we use the word in the singular or in the plural, cannot live unto himself alone. One thing has been borne in upon us beyond mistaking, that no individual, no nation, no species, can, without peril to the whole system of nature, set out to win for itself, or be allowed to acquire for itself, more than its fair share of the environment.

It is strange that we have been so long in seeing the error in natural selection, because the signs of this have been for us to read for many years. We have long known that the earth harbours, not an élite of a few selected kinds or species with obviously outstanding claims to survival, but almost incalculable numbers of kinds, possibly millions of them, most of which exist in even more astronomical individual numbers: moreover kinds with such prodigious variety among themselves in almost every respect as might well tax the powers of human imagination were they not so obviously displayed before our very eyes. How can it be supposed that such a *tour de force* of evolution has been produced by a system which, by definition, puts a premium on the few and a discount on the many; a system which must by the very nature of the case be contractile rather than expansive? The whole state of nature contradicts such a thought. Indeed, there has actually grown up in the last fifty years a whole modern branch of biology, called plant and animal ecology, dedicated to the study of just those mutual relationships, balances, and communities of nature which are the antithesis of the inevitable effects of a cosmic process of natural selection.

But if we were wrong in our interpretation of the plan of nature in Darwin's day, can we be sure that we are any more right about it now? May we not be merely substituting one error for another? May not our present beliefs be just as wide of the mark, though perhaps in some different way? These are most legitimate and cogent questions, and it is fortunate for our intellectual peace of mind that there is an answer to them. It is indeed probable enough that we have not even now reached the whole truth, but, unless we are in a state of utter delusion, we must and can believe that we are nearer it by the cumulated knowledge and experience of a hundred years, and that however far we may still have to go, we have at least made progress. We have advanced science. The fact that the idea of natural selection is one hundred years old is by itself sufficient justification for its re-examination in the light of modern biological knowledge.

The Matter in a Nutshell

In the days when natural selection was the newest idea, and it was highly desirable to rid the world of beliefs that were clogging progress, Herbert Spencer put the matter in a nutshell when, in his *Principles of Biology*, he wrote of these older notions:

These speculations, crude as they may be considered, show much sagacity in their respective authors, and have done good service. Without embodying the truth in a definite shape, they contain adumbrations of it. Not directly but by successive approximations, do mankind reach correct conclusions; and those who first think in the right direction, loose as may be their reasonings and wide of the mark as their inferences may be, yield indispensable aid by framing provisional conceptions, and giving a bent to inquiry.

How well Spencer's words apply to the hypothesis of natural selection today.—*Third Programme*

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

April 29—May 5

Wednesday, April 29

Western Foreign Ministers meet in Paris
Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery meets
Mr. Khrushchev in Moscow
Death of General Sir Kenneth Anderson
who commanded British First Army in
Tunisian campaign of 1942-3

Thursday, April 30

Western Foreign Ministers agree on plan to
put before Russians at Geneva conference
on May 11
H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh returns to
England after world tour
Organization of American States asks mem-
bers to provide ships to keep watch on
seas around Panama

Friday, May 1

Prime Minister says in a speech in Scotland
that the coming 'summit' conference
should be regarded as a period of negotia-
tion to be continued in a series of
similar meetings
Panama Radio states that the 'invaders'
of the Republic have agreed to surrender
Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce resigns her newly
confirmed appointment as U.S. Ambassa-
dor to Brazil

Saturday, May 2

Prime Minister discusses industry and em-
ployment in Scotland with the Scottish
T.U.C. leaders
Plans to build an oil refinery on the banks
of Southampton Water are shelved

Sunday, May 3

Leader of the Opposition addresses a May
Day rally in Hyde Park
President of the Board of Trade rejects a
petition seeking a perpetual copyright in
the words of the Gilbert and Sullivan
operas
Chinese in Tibet are reported to have
demonstrated against India

Monday, May 4

Gold and convertible currency reserves of
the Sterling Area reach highest level since
1951
Mr. W. J. Carron is re-elected President of
the Amalgamated Engineering Union
Sir Winston Churchill flies to the United
States

Tuesday, May 5

Shah of Persia begins three-day State visit
to Britain
Persia protests against Russian propaganda
and says that if it continues she will be
forced to reply in kind
Prime Minister of Jordan resigns for health
reasons



May Day was commemorated in different ways in many countries: above, in France, the President and Madame de Gaulle receive a mayflower bouquet at the Elysée Palace

Behind the Iron Curt



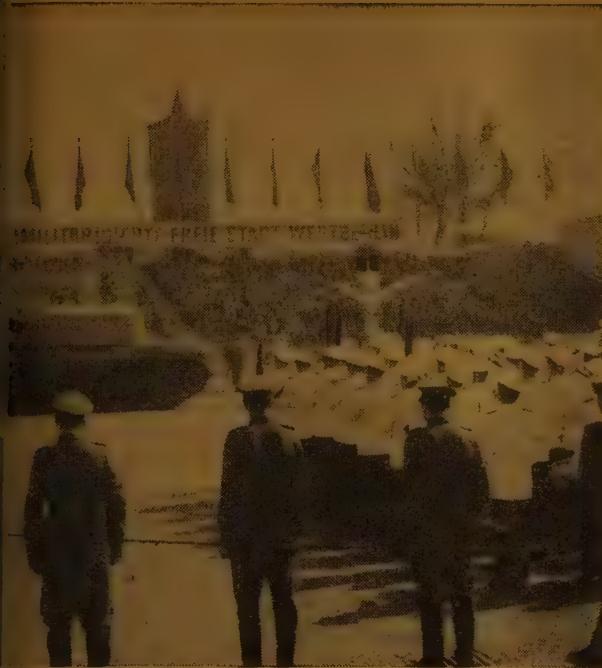
The Emperor of Japan, who celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday on April 29, appearing for the first time on the balcony of the Imperial Palace, Tokyo, with members of his family, to greet his subjects



The Luton Town goalkeeper leaping unsuccessfully for the ball when Nottingham Forest scored their second goal in the Cup Final at Wembley on May 2. Nottingham Forest won the match 2-1 after they had played throughout much of it with only ten men

Lord Montg
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Berlin a big military parade was held on May 1. A proclamation demands a demilitarized free city in West Berlin



In England, at Esher in Surrey, children take part in a May fair held for the benefit of local charities



paid a private visit to Moscow last week, photographed with (left) and Mr. Khrushchev (right) at the Kremlin on April 29



H.M. the Queen on board the aircraft carrier 'H.M.S. Eagle' when she visited it with Prince Charles on April 30. He is receiving a stud-box in the form of a naval rum tub



An eight-foot clay figure of David Lloyd George, the British Prime Minister who died in 1945, with its thirty-three-year-old sculptor, Michael Rizzello. The statue has been commissioned by the Welsh Memorial Fund Committee, and when cast in bronze it will be placed in Cathays Park, Cardiff



bridge at Saltash, Cornwall, considered to be a masterpiece of the Brunel, commemorated its centenary last week. A train is coming across



comotive of the former Great Western Railway, which Brunel served A new scheme to preserve trout fishing has just been started in Scotland. Large fish are being cleared from the reservoirs and transferred to rivers while small trout replace them in the reservoirs. The photograph shows the fish being cleared at Balbeggie, Perthshire

Party Political Broadcasts

The Liberal Advance

This Liberal Party political broadcast includes statements by the Leader of the Liberal Party, Jo Grimond, M.P.; Mark Bonham-Carter, M.P., and four Liberal prospective candidates—Jeremy Thorpe (North Devon), Ivan Spence (Finchley), Harry Hague (Blackpool North), and Heather Harvey (Southend West)

JEREMY THORPE: We Liberals can talk to you happily and enthusiastically do tonight*, as indeed we've been able to do ever since the last General Election. For the progress report we can give you is, in fact, a report of progress. The other two parties, by their own statements, are struggling against apathy among their followers and a relentless fall in their polls. Perhaps their trouble is that they seem to be out of touch with the sort of problems that interest and worry ordinary people like us. To give one example, Finchley had such a problem. Ivan Spence, the prospective Liberal Candidate for Finchley, is here to tell you what the Liberals did about it.

Ivan Spence: In Finchley, the London Transport Executive cut the bus service and caused many of us, who have to travel to our work, or to do our shopping every day, great inconvenience. Because a lot of us in Finchley are Liberals, we don't accept everything London Transport does, just because it is part of a nationalization pattern. So for two weeks our Liberal Councillors, led by Frank Davis and Alan Cohen, ran their own bus, and that bus was full; not because it was free but because a bus was needed and there wasn't one. More people in the London area have followed our example of reasonable revolution. As a result, the London Transport Executive changed its mind, and came, as near as a monopoly can, to admitting its error by giving a more satisfactory service along some Finchley bus routes.

I don't say this was an earth-shaking operation, but I do say that it belongs to the pattern of history—that wherever people are big enough to stand up to big bosses, something happens. If they let us down again, we will do it again. Such action, in every walk of life, is, in the end, the Liberal answer, the only answer, we believe, to monopolies and power politics.

Thorpe: Obviously, as Ivan Spence says, there are far greater issues, but as we see it, our task tonight is to trace our progress from your bus-stop to those greater issues. All over the country—steadily and in every area—the Liberals are progressing. One measure of that is the fact that they're coming back into local government. And one place where this has happened is Blackpool. Harry Hague, who is prospective parliamentary candidate for Blackpool North, is with us here—another young man who started his politics on the doorstep.

Harry Hague: Doorsteps—hundreds of them, from Squires Gate to the Cliffs up North Shore. For eighty-two years Blackpool was controlled by a Conservative town council. In 1949, we had only two Liberal councillors, Harold Grimbleston and Clifford Cross; and forty Conservatives. But in nine years, by 1958, the Liberals had a majority on the Blackpool council. And I'll tell you what we've done. We've turned a £50,000 deficit on the Transport Service into a profit—and without raising fares. And we have cut the rates. And, at the same time, with that reduction we have managed to budget for another £136,000 on education.

This is how we've done it. We have asked for three essentials from our people: first of all, hard work to organize the votes that win elections; secondly, absolute integrity—not toeing

the party line, but integrity—in our councillors. Finally, we ask that nothing should ever be done for any doctrinaire reasons but solely in the interests of the community—which happens, in our case, to be Blackpool, but which could be any community in this country: yours, if you like and if you work.

Thorpe: To Liberals—and there must be many of you listening—that record of progress in Blackpool shows what can be done if we work, in the first place, as our canvassers say, on the knocker. Which leads me on to Heather Harvey who, in the recent Southend by-election, lifted the Liberals to second place, with Labour third.

Heather Harvey: I believe our opponents blamed their low figures on the fog, but that was only a last-minute chance. The pattern of the voting was clear long before that. Time and again people said to me: 'I'm glad there's a Liberal standing, it will give us something to vote for'. Vote for is the operative point. Those people said very clearly to me, at their front doors—and, by the way, they voted on the day—that they were fed up with voting against what they disliked: they wanted to vote for what they wanted.

What we did at Southend was to 'beat the book'. Public opinion polls were giving Liberals only a grudging 6½ per cent. over the country, but once again we polled over 24 per cent. And you'll have seen that Simon Mackay doubled the Liberal vote at Galloway early this month, and put Labour down to the bottom of the poll again. Again and again this has happened in by-elections, the public opinion polls giving the Liberals 6 or 7 per cent.; but since the last General Election we've fought nineteen by-elections and the Liberal vote has averaged over 24 per cent.

Thorpe: And, of course, if we're going to talk about increases, Mark Bonham-Carter won the Torrington by-election, capturing a seat that was held by a majority of over 9,000 votes, by a Conservative who called himself a National Liberal. And this was the greatest swing that there's been in any election in this country since Fulham in 1933.

Mark Bonham-Carter: Yes, well, Torrington was of course a shock to a lot of people, particularly to the tories who had, as Jeremy Thorpe pointed out, a majority of 9,000; and also to the Labour Party who lost 2,000 votes and came bottom of the poll, as they've often done recently when they've faced a Liberal opponent. But it shouldn't have surprised anyone, for as a farmer near Buckland Filleigh said to me: 'The West is Liberal country'. As you, Jeremy Thorpe, know very well in North Devon.

Thorpe: Yes, but Mark, I'm sure you'd agree it's not only a tradition, there are any number of people coming over from the Conservative and Labour Parties who are going to vote Liberal for the first time.

Bonham-Carter: But, you see, in our part of the world—as indeed in many others—the Liberal Party are, in fact, the majority party. In a straight fight against a Liberal neither a tory nor a Labour candidate would stand a chance—and they know it. Yet they split the vote, indulge in party games like the costly farce of nationalization and de-nationalization, and now the prospect of re-nationalization. Indeed, the charge against both the tory and Labour Parties is that they misrepresent the people, and the significance of Torrington is not only that it was a victory of the people and for the people, but that it was a victory by the people. We want more victories of this kind. It doesn't need much

—just one more heave and we'll get them. The fact is, far the most effective vote you can cast is a Liberal vote.

Thorpe: It is indeed. The policy is there in detail on every aspect of government. The leadership is there. And this new enthusiasm, reflected in the growth of Young Liberal Associations: growing Liberal strength in schools and universities—all this is crystallized for many of us inside and outside the party by one man—the man who expressed the way in which we've applied the old principles to modern problems in the single phrase 'The New Face of Liberalism': Jo Grimond, M.P. for Orkney and Shetland, and Leader of the Liberal Party.

Jo Grimond: You see, we're getting along. We are getting more and more support and we are achieving things here and now. We're embarked on a serious enterprise to give a new turn to politics in this country and to revive democracy at its very roots.

We've said that we hope to replace the socialist Party. Now let me make it clear what we mean by that. What we're out to do is to create a new party, based on Liberal principles—the heir to the old Liberal ideals, but which will satisfy the strain of radical and socialist idealism, which is being smothered in the present Labour Party. We believe, as Mark Bonham-Carter said, that Liberals are the majority. At present the potential members of the new Liberal Party are splitting their votes between the tory, the Liberal, and the Labour Parties. What we want to do is to bring them together. We've had a tory party in office now for eight years. It cannot, and in the name of fair government it should not, go on for ever. But Labour are making no progress because they are tied to the old skeleton of nationalization, from which the flesh and blood have long since departed.

Now, I'd just like to read you one sentence from a letter to *The Times* by a member of the Oxford University Labour Club—and I emphasize that it comes from a Labour Club. 'To us', he says, 'the Labour Party is a timid, excessively cautious association for the middle-aged'.

Now, of course, we can't achieve all we set out to do at once. But we're going to achieve it in the end because we are becoming the party of the young. No other party has a youth movement like ours, based upon a passionate interest in politics. In the past Liberals have all too easily been blown off their course by gusts from one side or the other, but that is not going to happen again now. Our policy is now published and clear for all to read. And what we want to do now is to focus attention on certain parts of it: and in particular, perhaps, on four very important matters, in which we differ sharply from the Labour and Conservative Parties.

The first of these is Defence. The tories and Labour both want Britain to have its own nuclear bombs. We say no. If the policy of the deterrent makes sense at all, it must be a joint deterrent held by the West as a whole. And I must say here to the Labour Party, that it is nonsense simply to announce that you're going to give up nuclear tests suddenly, without apparently any concessions from any other countries, while your party, the Labour Party, still intends to make hydrogen bombs, and indeed the Labour Party is going to base its whole foreign policy on the need for Britain to retain its bombs, its own bombs, in its own hands.

Now, secondly, at home we really want to see far wider ownership in industry, with the workers granted a financial interest in the indus-

tries in which they work. Look how ridiculous it is to settle the affairs of the cotton industry, as is proposed just now, while you seem to regard the workers in the cotton industry as being less important than the machinery. And we really mean to have, what the tories only talk about, a property-owning democracy. We want to have far more owner-occupiers of land and of houses. For a start we would abolish Schedule A tax for owner-occupiers, and we would keep down the mortgage rates.

Thirdly, we want to take a look—a new look—at the social services, old-age pensions in par-

ticular. The Liberals want a basic minimum pension for all, which at the moment we say ought to be £3; and always in the future this pension should be pinned to the cost of living.

Fourthly, political reform—with particular reference to devolution—that means giving more authority over their own affairs—to Scotland and to Wales.

We're well aware that all this is going to be a tough business. We realize that we threaten many existing vested interests, and they won't like it and they're going to kick. The Liberal Party, in which we have made up our minds to

sink or swim, is not a sort of intellectual debating club, nor is it a society of woolly do-gooders. Certainly we lack easy resources of money and we haven't much patronage. But we don't mean to complain, we admit we are faced with difficulties, but we're going to fight hard for our immediate purposes: to increase the Liberal vote; to establish ourselves as the alternative in more and more constituencies, and to get more members into the House of Commons.

Two years ago I gave the party the slogan—'Get on or get out'. We've got on. I now give the party the slogan: 'Get on and get in'.

Why Vote Next Week?: the

With the coming local government elections in mind, Francis Williams questions Mrs. E. M. Braddock, M.P., Member of Liverpool City Council; Gerry Reynolds, M.P., Member of Acton Borough Council; and Peter Self, Lecturer in Public Administration, London University.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS: Next week* we've all got a chance to vote for our local governments, but why vote next week?

Well, let's begin by listening to what some people have to say about local government.

Voice: Well, few people can become interested in sewers. If, for example, you say to a person whom you meet, in response to his question as to why you should vote 'Well, what's in it?', 'Well everything about you—the house you live in, the street you live in, the lighting', it's not very exciting.

Voice: People complain but they don't do anything about it. I feel that people should use their councillors more. When I am speaking to people, I say 'Well, you've got councillors, why don't you go and see them?' 'Oh can we?'

Voice: The majority rules without any criticism of what it does. It takes a decision, there's no criticism of that decision, and the sort of thing that gets in the papers is when there is controversy going on; if there's no controversy, it's not news, consequently it's not publicized, and people take very little interest.

Voice: Well, I think it's all wrong to talk about the burden of the rates. I don't think you'll find any borough where people do not want services. What they weigh up is: 'What are we getting for what we pay?'

Voice: It's just a matter of when they pick their councillors it's 'Oh he's a friend of the family, rope him in, he's all right. He'll do as he's told': and you could say that 90 per cent. of the councillors are 'yes-men'. Instead of thinking of the borough and its finances and prosperity, they think entirely of themselves.

Voice: In a borough that's Labour controlled, if it's got a good safe Labour majority, people are satisfied, especially if the borough's carrying out a good job, and that does tend to keep the vote down.

Voice: Well, sometimes they're just out for position, I think, just to get in the limelight. If they work as much as they talk sometimes, it would be all right.

Voice: The difference between a good council and a bad council is that the bad councillors want to sell everything they possibly can belonging to the corporation in order to keep down the rates. We, on the other hand, the Labourites, are particularly anxious to keep all our furniture and whatever assets we possess for the benefit of the people.

Voice: It's one of their jobs, as I see, to rehouse people who are not rich enough to buy their own houses, just as they provide other things like public conveniences, baths, etc. It's one of the jobs they've got to do.

Williams: A pretty varied bag of opinions, all fairly straightforward. And now, I've never myself served on a local authority; in fact, like quite a lot of other people, I've not, I suppose, been terribly interested in them. I'm ready to be convinced that they're important, and I've got here tonight three people, all of whom have got a good deal of knowledge about local government. There's Mrs. E. M. Braddock (Bessie Braddock) and Gerry Reynolds, who are both Labour Members of Parliament, and Peter Self. Mrs. Braddock has been a member of the Liverpool City Council since 1930, and Gerry Reynolds is chairman of a finance committee of Acton Borough Council. Peter Self is a Lecturer in Public Administration at London University. I'd like to begin, Mrs. Braddock, by asking you, what did you think of what these people had to say?

Mrs. E. M. Braddock: Well, I think some of them are quite right. I agree with the lady who says that people don't use their councillors sufficiently. They don't know what councillors can do, they don't know what they have to do; very many people, of course, don't know that they can attend the council meeting and listen to the work of the council meeting.

Williams: And what about you, Gerry?

Gerry Reynolds: Well, I think Bessie's quite right on that. She, for example, sees more of her local representatives than almost any other Member of Parliament, I think, but some of it really is absolute nonsense, especially this idea that councillors are in it for what they can get. If only people realized that the vast majority of members of local authorities spend anything from sixty to a hundred evenings every year at the local town hall doing work for them, and they do not get a penny in return for it, I think rather more than the 30 or 40 per cent. of people who bother to vote in local elections at the present moment would come out and cast their vote next week.

Williams: Peter Self, you stand a little outside this, what do you feel?

Peter Self: Well, I agree with the last remark completely, but I do think that local government's too complicated in some areas, and it has the disadvantage of being based on an unpopular tax—the rates. I think we need changes in this direction, and frankly I think we're much more likely to get them through Labour than through the Conservatives who are temperamentally disinclined.

Williams: Well, let's get down to some hard tack; I mean, what in fact, can local authorities do? Gerry Reynolds?

Reynolds: Well, they can do a tremendous amount. If you've got members of a local authority—and this would apply to the vast majority of Labour members, who are really interested in providing services for the people of their area—it can, of course, make all the difference between a dim, dingy-lit town with poor facilities for libraries and recreation and things

Labour View

of that nature, and a town where the representatives are really trying to provide the services for the people—the services they think the people need.

Williams: Peter Self, do you think it matters having a Labour local authority?

Self: Yes. The point is, what can local authorities do? They can do practically everything if they have the will and if they can secure the money. And we're at a very crucial period in the social services; for example, we've got very good services but an enormous amount needs to be done—education, old people's services, health, child-care, housing, town and country planning; I could go on indefinitely. It's an enormous job, and you've got to have people there who believe in getting on and improving these services.

Williams: Mrs. Braddock, you've been in it a long while; what's your feeling about this?

Mrs. Braddock: My feeling, of course, is that the local authority can make or mar the situation in an area. Health services are very important, they can provide things of that sort, in fact they can decide what are the things that people require to be done and take steps to see that all the services are established that are going to give benefit and are going to give the service that's required by the people in the area that they represent.

Williams: That's all right, but of course a local authority has to operate within the general area of national policy. Now what are the sort of difficulties that face local authorities? There's been a credit squeeze, which is now diminishing; there's a block grant, and all these sort of things. What are the difficulties you find at the present time, Mrs. Braddock?

Mrs. Braddock: Well, the difficulties I find in Liverpool are the question of housing. The government policy has made it very difficult to borrow money at interest rates that are useful for house-building. In fact the government policy has made it impossible for 424 local authorities to build houses at all. That's a third of local government who are housing authorities, who have been stopped building houses for people because of the difficulties of the provision of the finance and the change in the government policy.

Williams: Gerry, you're the chairman of a finance committee; do you find government policies getting in the way?

Reynolds: Well, there's an old saying that history repeats itself, only in local government this is certainly true. This isn't the first time, of course, that we've had a tory Government which has, what I would say, attacked the finances of the local authorities. The Labour Government, in 1948, introduced a new system of grants, a method of paying government money to the local authorities, so that the more money that a local authority spent on a service such as education the larger was the amount of grant that they received; in fact, on average

throughout the country, for every £1 that a local authority spent on education they got about 13s. assistance from the central government. Now the tory Government has decided that they're not going to stand for this, because they have to provide the money, and they, of course, want to protect the person who is paying comparatively high central government taxes. So they've said 'We're going to limit the amount of money we pay to the local authority from the Exchequer', and they've introduced this new block grant. This, in effect, fixes the total amount of money that's going to be paid to the local authorities in any one year, irrespective of how much the local authorities spend on a particular service such as education; so that whereas, in the past under Labour, local authorities have been able to know that if they expand their education service they're going to get substantial financial assistance from the Exchequer, now they know that they've got a certain amount of money, and any further expansion of the education service has got to be paid for by the rate-payers. That, I think, is bound to cripple local initiative to a certain extent, and it's also meant, as most people know who've got their rate demands now, that rates all over the country have gone up this year; whereas I don't think they would have gone up by anything like the same amount if the government hadn't altered the relationship in the financial field between the central government and the local authorities.

Williams: Peter Self, again, as somebody looking as an expert from the outside, do you feel that the present tory Government's policy is getting in the way of good local government?

Self: I think there's been a slackening in what we set out to do after the war. It's a great shame that housing standards have been cut. If you look at the big cities, there are still appalling problems of congestion and decay in the inner areas, and Labour has always believed in broad schemes of comprehensive redevelopment. Well, that's all been toned down with the high rates of interest, and the tendency of Conservative councils to concentrate simply on slum clearance, land value speculations on the rampage again in a big way—it's making planning difficult; I know the Conservatives have done some useful things over Green Belts and that sort of thing, but I often feel that they're missing the other side of the picture, the urban problems and the new communities that are needed.

Williams: Bessie Braddock, have you found this block grant that Gerry Reynolds was talking about a difficulty in your own local government work?

Mrs. Braddock: I'm not really involved with that particular committee, but the committee members that speak to me now say that the difficulty is of sorting out, in the local authority, which is the most important thing to do. There is so much to do and so many calls upon the finances of the city, that sorting out the priorities is something that's been made very difficult by the block grant system. Education, health, the new approach to mental health, where no additional finance has been given at all by the government, are certainly going to make it difficult, under a block grant system, to get the right priorities in relation to the services that are required.

Williams: And what about education? Gerry Reynolds, do you feel that's being slowed down as a result of government policy?

Reynolds: Well, yes, not so much perhaps slowed down as disrupted. There have been so many changes in government policy during the past few years. First of all, of course, if you remember, just after the General Election of 1951, everything was slowed down. Then a year or two later they tried to speed the local authority building programmes up again. Then,

of course, we had the credit squeeze of 1955 and 1956-7, where again everything was slowed down. Now, largely because of unemployment, of course, the Government have panicked rather, and sent round to the local authorities saying: 'Please do as much building of all kinds, particularly education building, as you can in the next twelve months'. Of course the councils just can't plan on this sort of basis. They want to be able to look ahead for a few years, not have these constant changes in government policy which really hamper them in education and in every other field.

Williams: Looking over the whole field, Self, do you feel that's happening in other things besides education?

Self: Yes, I feel that generally social services are at a very critical point. There are great improvements possible, but it's not certain that we'll get them. We certainly shan't get them unless we have councils that believe in their value and don't regard them as a kind of unfortunate necessity.

Williams: Is housing very bad now, Mrs. Braddock?

Mrs. Braddock: Well, in Liverpool we still have a waiting list of about 38,000 people waiting for housing accommodation. Slum clearance, of course, is going on as fast as possible, but the housing of people who are on the ordinary housing list has been slowed down very, very considerably indeed by government policy.

Williams: Now this is all very well, and I can see the difficulties any local government is operating under because of national policy; but can you tell me, can you persuade me, can you persuade other people, what is the advantage of having a Labour local authority rather than a Conservative one or an independent one? Now, what do you say, Self; you're looking again from a little outside?

Self: I think in the first place you want to vote for a council whose policy you can be reasonably sure of. You want to have a look at their policy and decide on that basis. As I've already said, the Labour Party is pledged to improving the standard of the public and social services, and it takes pride in them, so that would be my reason for supporting Labour in this election.

Williams: What do you say, Gerry? I mean you've got to convince me, if you can, as a person who thinks he ought to vote now but wants to know why Labour will make all that difference in these circumstances.

Reynolds: Well, one of the major reasons, I think, Francis, is that Labour members of local authorities are interested in people, and that is very, very important because everything that a local authority does really does affect the people in their own particular area. If I can quote just one example of how a local authority decision really affects people, let's look at what Croydon has done during the last few months, where they've taken a decision—a tory-controlled council—that if you earn over £20 a week you've got to get out of a council flat or house: in my view an absolutely ridiculous sort of attitude to take. I could never imagine a Labour member of a local authority, realizing the effect that such a decision would have on individual people in individual houses, being in favour of that sort of thing; but with tories I am afraid this sort of thing is happening now and is likely to spread during the next few years.

Williams: Mrs. Braddock, I know you're Labour and you think that all councils ought to be Labour, but why shouldn't the ordinary person vote for somebody whom they think is a good person, who hasn't any particular party affiliations?

Mrs. Braddock: Well, for twenty-five years I was a member of a tory-dominated council. For the past four years the Labour Party has had

control, and the efficiency and the dealing with the problems that people require to be dealt with, in my opinion, having had experience of both, is much more effectively done by a Labour-controlled council that meets the needs of the whole of the population of an area instead of sorting it out and meeting the needs of special sections of the community. And I would much prefer that people voted for Labour councillors because of the efficiency that's obtained through Labour control in local authorities.

Williams: Is it chiefly on grounds of efficiency, then, that you think people should vote Labour?

Mrs. Braddock: Efficiency and humanity.

Williams: And you think you get more humanity from a Labour councillor, do you?

Mrs. Braddock: I'm certain you get more humanity, and more personal contact through a Labour council and Labour councillor than you do through a tory council or a tory councillor.

Williams: As an expert on public administration, Self, would you agree with this efficiency argument?

Self: Well, I would never vote for a kind of cold-blooded efficiency; I quite agree with Bessie, I think that efficiency and humanity go together, and they've got to go together. But I think that Labour has the advantage of being keen to improve the services and not to be looking all the time at the cost. Of course I agree that the cost is important, there's no doubt about that, but if it's a case of value for money, well then, I think that Labour is much more likely to provide it.

Williams: What about this, Reynolds? You're a financial expert in local government, and a lot of complaint is sometimes laid that Labour doesn't care whether the rates are high or low.

Reynolds: I always shudder when I hear this word 'expert', but nevertheless, I think it must be realized that you cannot, of course, measure efficiency solely by the level of the rate; but unfortunately in too many tory-controlled areas that is their sole measurement of efficiency—can we reduce the rate?—and that's really all they're interested in. Now I'm certain, and I think pretty well all Labour members would agree with me in this, that efficiency isn't just a question of 'how much does it cost?' Efficiency means 'are you spending the money wisely?' But it is important to make sure that the services that people want are being provided at a reasonable cost and without waste.

Williams: Well, there you are. I think I'm convinced, anyway, that one ought to vote next week; and I'm convinced—you may not be surprised to hear this—that one ought to vote Labour. But I would like to know just if you could sum up in a word or two what you think are the most vital reasons why people should vote Labour. Gerry Reynolds, what do you put it as?

Reynolds: Well, you have people who are prepared to serve you and prepared to give up time to look after your interests—far more time, I think, than most tories are prepared to give up.

Williams: Self, what do you say?

Self: Well, it's a matter of pride in the standard of the services and improving the cities we live in.

Williams: And Mrs. Braddock?

Mrs. Braddock: I believe people should vote Labour because your Labour councillor is your contact with all the things which you are concerned with.

Williams: Well, I hope we've answered your questions. We've tried to do so, and I hope very much that you will vote next week, whichever way you vote, but I think if you want a good local government, then you'll vote Labour. Find out which day of the week your election is going to be, and then give your support to the Labour candidate; but, whatever you do, vote.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Jargon and Unintelligibility

Sir.—The talk entitled 'Jargon and Unintelligibility' by Alistair Cooke (THE LISTENER, April 2) was very stimulating to me, as I must constantly read and must often write technical reports. Certainly the use of pretentious words and phrases to describe something either simple or complex doesn't aid our understanding of what is being read. However, is Mr. Cooke really correct in certain examples of jargon he quotes? and is he right in implying their source is, of course, the United States?

Any American who has read two issues of *Punch* knows that to Britons his speech is only a simian version of the language used by Shakespeare, Milton, and Carlyle. He knows further that his innovations are already corrupting the writing and speech of British youth. Dr. Johnson applied the term 'Americanism' to English expression of which he disapproved, whether the expression originated in America or not. Mr. Cooke's article continues the tradition. I was astonished at his insinuation that words like 'potential', 'skill', and 'goal' are flagrantly misused by us. I have consulted my dictionary and find that these words do indeed have the meanings Americans intend. Perhaps he thinks that the word 'goal' should be reserved for the field of sports only; he scoffs at our President's figurative use of the term. Does Mr. Cooke also intend to scoff at Shakespeare's use of the word? (See *Pericles*, Act II, scene 1, last lines.)

As a point of scholarship, I would like to call Mr. Cooke's bluff on the words 'maximize' and 'personalize', verbs which he claims don't exist. Upon consulting the *Oxford English Dictionary*, I have found an entry for 'maximize' with quotations from Bentham (1802) and J. H. Newman (1875). The entry for 'personalize' showed an even older history with a quotation dated 1727; Warburton and Coleridge have used the term. 'Finalize' is not in the *O.E.D.*, and if it offends Mr. Cooke's ear, I cannot blame him, for it offends mine too. However, this word is not in use in America.

It would be asking too much that the English should stop ridiculing American speech. After all, it has been a favourite English sport for more than 300 years. The question I would like to raise is: what has become of the famous British love of fair play? Mr. Cooke would seem to condemn much that makes English the interesting and vital language that it is, namely, the invention of new words and expressions, and the discovery of new meanings in older terms.—Yours, etc.,

Berkeley, California JAMES W. MCFARLAND

[Mr. Cooke, though born in England, is now an American citizen.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'Candida'

Sir.—Mr. Adler's letter demonstrates my point that some people's approach to the theatre is corrupted by their failure to distinguish between dramatic art and stage conversations con-

taining journalistic matter that has not been dramatically digested. Defending the journalistic play Mr. Adler cites Ibsen's *Brand*, and I agree with him that it is a great play. But does he not know that even this great Ibsen play had to be cut for current production? Does he not realize that its present success springs from the dramatic sense of Mr. Michael Elliott, the producer at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, who has *cut out* all the speeches referring to land reform? Land reform ruffled feathers in Ibsen's Norway, but it is a dead duck now. It is not the *engagé* writing that lives in *Brand*; it is the out-of-time portrait of the agony of *Brand's* pride that survives.

Mr. Adler compares curiously the end of *Heartbreak House* with the slaughter at the end of *Hamlet* and the avalanche in *Brand*. *Hamlet* could only end in slaughter; nothing but an avalanche could destroy *Brand*. In *Heartbreak House* the zeppelin like a kind of Shaw *ex machina* pops up without so much as a siren warning. Its appearance may well be symptomatic and, though we all may be frightened of bombs, it is still dramatically unjustifiable.

Mr. Adler points out that Captain Shotover unburdens himself of the thought that English society must navigate or die. But is this not very original thought to be compared with the tap in the racial memory that is turned on when Shotover indulges in a species of melancholy that has been part of the English spirit since the great literature of the pre-Norman period?

Mr. Adler is confused when he assumes that the championing of the aesthetic necessarily excludes the conflict of ideas from the stage. Brecht was politically committed but he was also an artist. Though he was as *engagé* as Ibsen and Shaw he saw that he could only state conflicts of ideas in allegory or in timeless situations.

I am aware that this discussion is straying from *Candida*. Mr. Adler's letter convinces me that it is worth straying. Shaw has very cleverly left a smoke screen behind him which prevents people like Mr. Adler spotting the winners and the also rans. This is a pity because I am sure that we both want good plays. I want them to contain ideas, too, but I do not want dramatized sermons.

Yours, etc.,
London, W.8 IAN RODGER

Surprises inside Borstal

Sir.—I regret that Mr. R. L. Bradley—for whose life-long devotion to the borstal service I have the greatest respect and admiration—should in his letter to THE LISTENER of April 23 have misunderstood a reference I made in my talk to a particular borstal chaplain. I pinpoint, he says, the chaplain's exuberance and his 'hotted-up' hymn tunes, obviously to the chaplain's derogation. And he wonders whether, had I taken the trouble to talk to the chaplain about his job, I might not have spoken differently about him, and apprised myself of his real worth.

If Mr. Bradley re-reads what I said, I hope he may see that my view of the chaplain is precisely the opposite of the one he imputes to me. That I thoroughly approved of the chaplain's innovation, I made clear by saying: 'And what was so delightful about the hymns was that they had been jazzed up; set to rousing modern tunes, in place of the doleful, ancient ones'. Further, to suggest my appreciation of the man's general attitude, I repeated a story he had told me against himself, to show what a pleasing sense of humour he possessed.

I would add that I did take the trouble to talk to the chaplain at some length about his job, and was most impressed by the realistic ideas he had for capturing—unobtrusively—the interest of the inmates in religious matters. But in a talk lasting only fifteen minutes it was not possible to concentrate on these at the expense of other surprises I came across during visits to two separate establishments.

Yours, etc.,
London, W.C.1. SEWELL STOKES

William Roscoe's Portrait

Sir.—In THE LISTENER of April 23 Mr. Quentin Bell, in his article dealing with the Walker Art Gallery, refers to the glum and uninspiring portrait of William Roscoe by Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A., which portrays a 'peevish-looking old gentleman'. This portrait certainly is uninspiring and Roscoe looks a miserable old chap in it. It must be remembered though that at the time Roscoe sat for this portrait he was old, ill, and bankrupt, and had had a slight stroke.

I possess a very delightful small portrait of him painted by M. Haughton when he was fifty-eight for his printer friend McCreery. In this portrait he is seen as a very cheerful, energetic looking person, and at that period of his life he was at full swing with his picture and book collecting.

As regards Roscoe's collection of pictures, he must have picked up most of them at what today would appear ridiculously low prices. At the six-day auction in 1816 of his collection, other than those in the Walker Gallery, 600 lots of drawings and pictures fetched only £2,850, no more than Roscoe got for part of the copyright and royalties on his book *Leo X*.

In a partially marked catalogue of the sale, which I possess, a Tintoretto fetched £15, a portrait by Titian £26 5s., and one of a Florentine lady by Leonardo da Vinci 25 guineas, but a head of Christ painted on a gold background by the same artist fetched the highest price at the sale, 300 guineas, and was purchased by Roscoe's friend, Coke of Holkham. It would look, therefore, as though the whole of the Roscoe collection at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool cost the original owner less than £2,000.

Yours, etc.,
Chalfont St. Giles C. S. ROSCOE



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The Holiday Spirit—II

Bags and Baggage

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

I EXPECT you've noticed from the statistics they keep publishing from time to time that there are lots of people who don't take a summer holiday—or rather, they take it, but they don't go away for it. Well, obviously there must be a reason for this—but that's the trouble with statistics, they tell you who and how many, but not why. Now I've given a bit of thought to it, and there's no doubt about it, the reason why a couple of million people just sit at home with their collars off, instead of rushing up the Amazon or staggering up and down those cobbled steps at Clovelly, is simply that that they can't face the packing.

As far as I know, none of the top men in the tourist industry have really recognized this problem, but the fact is that if some really go-ahead holiday resort kept a staff of professional packers, and sent them off to do the job for a small fee—well, I'd be willing to pay about two guineas a bag, myself—then this great untapped reserve of holidaymakers would come rolling up in such numbers that Brighton would have to build ten-storey hotels on both piers, with a couple of thousand tents on the Downs to take the overflow. Instead of that, the resorts just sit gloomily going through the books wondering why the deck-chair takings have slumped again. It's all very well for the upper classes—you know, the ones you see in the films who just say, 'Jenkins, I'm catching the night plane to Jamaica. Pack'—and then walk out carrying nothing but a folder full of travellers' cheques; but for you and me the stuff we have to take with us on holiday is the biggest anxiety in the whole operation, and in saying that I'm not overlooking the weather, the children, or the bill.

The curious thing is that, year after year, we somehow forget this until a couple of days before we go. And then the lady of the house, standing well clear and ready to run, says, 'Er—darling . . .'. And you think, oh, lord, here it comes, one of the kids is starting a sore throat—but of course it's worse than that; what she's going to say is that the bags want getting down from the attic. That's if you're lucky, and have an attic. I've only got a false roof, and I've only got to take a false step in it to make a spectacular entry through the bathroom ceiling. My false roof has everything in it. Old mattresses, kitchen chairs, starlings' nests, tea-chests full of wet books, rusty portable gramophones, folding beds, broken coffee-percolators—everything but a light and a convenient way of getting up there. We have to get an extending ladder out of the garage and take it in by the front door, because you can't get it though the kitchen without putting one end in the oven. The last time I was doing this, manhandling the ladder along the front path, a neighbour passed by and asked what the trouble was. And I said: 'Nothing. We're going on holiday'. He looked a bit

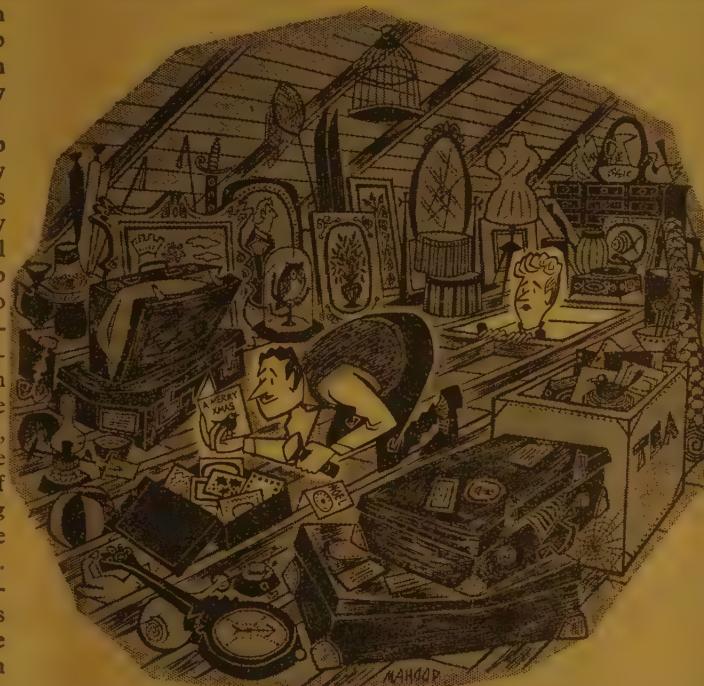
puzzled. Obviously he was one of the lucky ones, a man with an attic and proper stairs to get into it by.

I've never actually broken a leg yet getting into the false roof, but each year it's a pretty near thing. What usually happens is that the ladder skids on the lino and I'm left hanging by my elbows in the trap-door. It's not a big house, but it's surprising how long and loud you have to shout before someone comes to

and we used to do our best to cover it up with luggage-labels, but it took an awful lot, and we nearly always found we'd left the Legge showing. You feel such a fool when people you've made friends with on the boat decide to hang about to see you through the Customs. They know very well your name's Robinson, and when you stand there pointing out your six pieces of luggage to the porter, and they're all initialled F.M.L. and G.H. and W.K.S.—and a bit of an R.A.M.C. colonel showing—it really gets pretty embarrassing.

Well, of course, you had all these thoughts *last year*; and inevitably the same old question cropped up—what are you to do, have a holiday or buy some luggage? You can't do both. As a matter of fact, there comes a point in all holiday preparations when your wife says, 'Oh, for Pete's sake let's give up the whole idea!'—and that is probably the time to clear this thing up once and for all by saying 'All right. Let's. And we'll spend the money on some new luggage, instead'. I wouldn't like to be the first to try this, but you might. If so, I wish you'd let me know how you get on. I should think you're much more likely to end up with no holiday, no luggage, but a new stainless steel sink unit and a spin dryer, instead. And that means that next year you'll still have to brace yourself for that embarrassing moment when the local taxi-man comes into the hall for the trunk, and says, 'Ah, yes, madam, I remember—this is the one where the handle comes off and both locks fly open. Wants mendin' with a new one, eh? Ha, ha, ha'.

But there, I'm rushing on too fast. Here I am talking about packed bags being actually removed from the house, and we haven't even got the old pillows and spare eiderdowns out of them yet. You always find that the bags you want to use are full of old pillows and spare eiderdowns; and the reason is that there's nowhere else to put them—and of course this makes for problems when you *have* got them out. Someone ought to produce some figures showing how many miles are walked on packing night, by people with armfuls of bedding they can't find a home for. It's one of the dangerous distractions of packing, and it's the distractions that take the time. The whole thing's a tremendous test of character, and particularly of single-mindedness. That's why those professional packers I was talking about would be such a good thing. I mean, they'd be on piece-work, presumably, and it would pay them to concentrate and get the job done and clear off. I don't know about you, but I begin to get sidetracked right at the start, up in the false roof. It takes me the first hour to try and assemble the old coffee-percolators I find, because this is a long job, especially by torchlight, balancing on a joist, bent double. Last summer I was up there half the evening before my wife missed me: I'd



the foot of the stairs and asks if you said something. But of course you're shouting up into the roof, and I suppose it's pretty difficult for anyone to hear but the starlings really.

Once you *have* got the bags down—and this takes some doing through a trap-door two feet square; in fact it always seems a miracle how you ever got them up there in the first place—once they're down, the important thing is to get them into the open position and keep them there, because if you make the mistake of looking at the outside of your luggage it'll suddenly dawn on you that you couldn't bear to be seen dead with it.

The trouble with luggage is that you can never afford to buy any; so what you've got is always either inherited, second-hand, or permanently borrowed. This means that it's not only heavy and old-fashioned and stained by various disasters with medicine-bottles, but bashed about all over with the scars of old battles, at Waterloo and Dieppe and other famous historical spots. What's more, it's covered with the initials of dead aunts and uncles, and even people you didn't know as well as that: one of our most faithful old trunks—it was only pensioned off the year before last when the second hinge flew off at Scarborough—was fully inscribed, 'Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. H. Frampton-Legge, R.A.M.C.',

found an attaché case full of old Christmas cards. Fascinating, they were. And when she came along at last and asked me what I was doing I said, 'Who do you suppose "All the best, Peggy and Fred" are, "please note new address"?' She was furious.

However, I got my own back later, because I found her sitting beside an empty suitcase reading about the Conservatives winning the election in 1951; she'd found it wrapped round an old bottle of witch hazel. It's amazing, really—when you think, in the ordinary way, how months and months go by without a thing in the papers worth reading—and you find really good stuff like this in the lining of practically any old bag you like to open. It's a very good tip, though, as a matter of fact, to throw out all these bits of old newspaper and burn them the very day you come back from holiday. It saves hours of reading time a year or so later.

Mind you, they aren't the only distraction. Once you start a packing job you'll find marvellous treasures in every wardrobe and chest-of-drawers you go to—although you've seen them every day of the year and never given them a thought. If you could have a secret glimpse through the windows of any packing household you'd find they weren't packing at all. They're all having an excited meeting on the landing, the wife saying, 'Look, I've found this funny old evening bag', the husband merrily waving a hat he thought had gone for jumble years ago, and the kids asking to have the bath filled so that they can play with a last year's clockwork boat they've just found in an old sponge-bag. In fact, I believe the statisticians say that if the time spent by the average family holding meetings on the landing was applied instead to the

job in hand they could pack forty bags in any one evening and still have enough time left over to remember where they'd put the keys to the trunk.

It's a system you want, of course. I always begin by making a list of what I'm actually going to wear for travelling, and I get all these things out and put them in a little pile. Then my wife, who's found that she's got some space in the bags she's packing, thinks she'll do me a good turn and takes them away when I'm not looking and packs them. I don't find this out until next morning, when we were all going to get up at five but oversleep until half-past seven—and I say to myself, Well, it might be worse; at least all the things I'm going to wear are ready; and, of course, they are, only they're in the bag with the busted lock that took half an hour to rope up with eighteen feet of clothes-line and about forty granny-knots. Then I make another list of the things I'm going to take, and this is quite frightening, really, when you've made provision for every possible sort of weather, and I go all over the house with this list, trying to find the things.

This is a very testing time, actually, because it gradually reveals incredible discrepancies between what you thought you'd got and what you can actually run to earth. It's simple enough to write down 'One sports shirt, navy blue' but when you go straight to the drawer where you know it is, and find nothing there but one evening sock and a lot of collar-stiffeners you begin to see what you're up against. And you yell out, 'Where's my navy-blue sports shirt?' and your wife yells back, 'How should I know?' and, of course, she's perfectly right, really, even if you don't think so at the time. After all, she

doesn't ask you where her pink mohair bed-jacket is—it would be rather fun if she did, as a matter of fact, because you know, and she'll never guess, it's fallen down behind the hot-water tank in the airing-cupboard. That's the sort of thing that happens on this special day of the year.

Now, I suppose I can't really leave the subject of packing without touching, just for a final word, on *unpacking*. This, like packing, happens twice, so that if you're only going away for a week you seem to be either doing one or the other the whole time, especially if the hotel people tell you when you turn up—and they usually do—that they'll have to move you into another room for the last three days, because that means packing and unpacking again, making six large-scale operations in all. But it's the final unpacking when you get back home that's the toughest job to handle. Naturally, after a holiday, you're completely exhausted, and when you look at those bulging, battered cases, with the inside straps dangling out of the back, and the handles hanging by a thread, you just want to collapse on the nearest one and say, 'Oh, no'. You can't face it. It wouldn't be so bad if they were full of lovely clean, flat laundry. But they're not. You know that you've only got to release the catches to fill the house with an explosion of screwed-up vests and a fallout of sand and shingle, and it's just too much. And, of course, the bag you'll hate to open more than any, because you've been hating it ever since you opened it last time, is the one you shouldn't actually have taken at all . . . the one which, owing to the last-minute rush and confusion, turned out to contain a spare eiderdown and two old pillows.—*Home Service*

Inter-City Bridge Test—Final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



FITTINGLY, the final of this six-week contest, broadcast on May 2, produced the highest standard of the series: Mr. John Kennedy of Coventry scored twenty-nine out of a possible thirty to defeat Mrs. G. A. Durran of Welwyn Garden City, who scored twenty-three. The first question, a difficult choice of lead, found both contestants on their toes.

Love all, dealer South:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3 D	3 H	No Bid	3 NT
No Bid	No Bid	Double	No Bid
No Bid	No Bid		

South holds:

♦ 10 9 ♦ 5 ♦ K J 9 8 7 6 4 ♣ Q 6 2

What should South lead and why?

The best answer was adjudged to be a heart, partner's double being most reasonably explained by a heart suit which could be sufficiently developed after an opening lead. Because Mrs. Durran was a little more convincing in her explanation she scored one point more than her opponent—ten as against nine.

The second question was one of trump management.

DUMMY

♦ Q 8 6 3
♦ A 10 7 5 4

DECLARER

With adequate entries to both hands, how should the suit be played in the respective contracts of (a) Seven Diamonds, (b) Six Diamonds and (c) Five Diamonds?

In Seven Diamonds there is only one chance: to find West with the lone Knave in which event the lead of the Queen from the table allows East's K 9 x to be smothered. Both players spotted this one. In Six Diamonds the best play is to lay down the Ace and continue with a small one to the Queen, succeeding against 2-2, against any singleton honour, or against K J x with West.

Mr. Kennedy picked this line but Mrs. Durran preferred the initial lead of a small diamond towards the Queen; not only does this fail if East holds the single King, but there is the further disadvantage that if East wins with the King the declarer must still decide whether to play the finesse or the drop on the second round. Both competitors correctly laid down the Ace in answer to (c) and Mr. Kennedy now led by nineteen points to seventeen.

The final question was a problem in bidding. Love All, dealer North:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 H	No Bid	?

South holds:

♦ K 5 ♦ A 10 8 5 4 ♦ Q 10 7 6 ♣ A Q

Mr. Kennedy expressed perfectly the views of the judges when he gave his reasons for his choice of Three Clubs. It is unusual to make a forcing response, or any response, in a two-card suit. The South hand is of sufficient power to make a force obligatory and the only normally biddable suit outside the trump suit is diamonds. The danger of forcing in a suit headed, as this is, by the Queen is twofold. Partner will sense no particular danger if he should hold two losing diamonds and will be particularly encouraged by some such holding as K x x or A x x in the suit, both of them in fact dangerous holdings in this instance.

Mr. Kennedy scored, therefore, maximum for his answer; Mrs. Durran promptly emphasized the danger of forcing in so weak a suit but imagined too many dangers in the alternatives and, reluctantly, settled on Three Diamonds, which was awarded the best consolation of six out of a possible ten.


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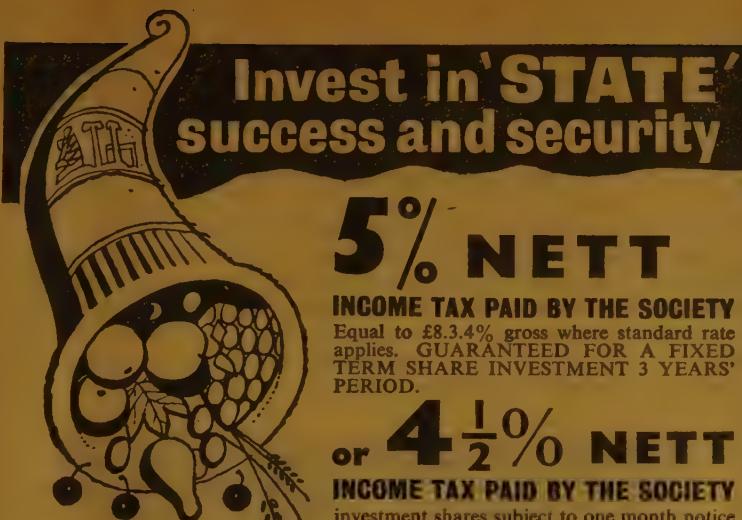

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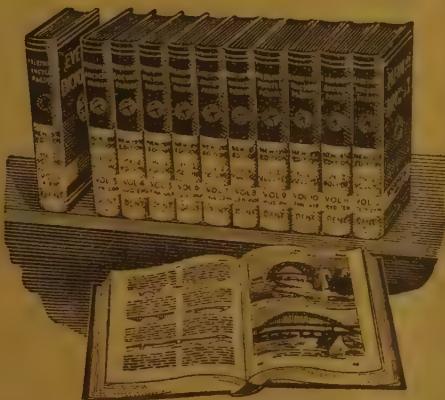
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Forgotten Galleries—II: Manchester

By QUENTIN BELL

AVISITOR to Manchester who wants to see all that its collections can offer needs abundant time or a motor-car. Without such advantages he will hardly be able to traverse the considerable distances that separate the seven galleries which are strung out upon an extended line stretching north and south through the city. Manchester hides her light beneath a bushel; it is a pity, and for those who so admirably serve her galleries it must be an exasperation.

The heart of the trouble lies in Barry's excellent and dignified museum in Mosley Street, a building perfectly adapted for the entertainment of a smallish collection of pictures. It is quite impossible that the City Art Gallery should hold the half of what it has. Nor is this all—the citizens wish, very properly, to see temporary exhibitions and these, clearly, must be shown in the centre of the town. As a result, much of the gallery space must be sacrificed. At the time of my visit it was the nineteenth- and twentieth-century works that had suffered. A remarkable impressionist Gauguin, a fine Sisley and works by Fantin-Latour, Courbet, Monticelli, Boudin, Sickert, Gwen John, Duncan Grant, and the Camden Town masters were in store.

It should not, however, be supposed that this acute shortage of space provides anyone with a valid excuse for not visiting the Manchester collections. If there is plenty to grumble about, there is also plenty to see. Among the older masters there is a Reynolds of very high quality ('Lord Hood'), a Rembrandt and some very beautiful Flemish primitives, also a very fine Wilson, equalled only by that in the Walker Art Gallery, also a particularly good Wright of Derby. But although there is much that is worth prolonged study among these older masters, the most striking aesthetic experience is provided by the Pre-Raphaelite room. I would not say that it was wholly enjoyable, but it was a thing to touch the imagination, for whether one likes them or not, these pictures fairly take one's breath away when one sees them in a body. There are a few later works by Millais and Rossetti, but on the whole this is a collection of the movement in the moment of its greatest purity. 'Work', the 'Stages of Cruelty', the 'Light of the World', the 'Hireling Shepherd', the 'Scapegoat', 'Autumn Leaves': it is a staggering assembly.

If one compares these works with those in the preceding room—Turner, Constable, and Etty—one cannot but feel that this was the greatest, the most surprising peripety in the history of English Art. The colour is particularly astonishing; it is easy to forget, looking at photographic reproductions, just how acid, harsh, and un-

compromising the Brotherhood was in this respect. And it is this which gives an almost unbearable quality to the insistent multitude of painfully rendered details. Never before, nor even since, has there been such completely aggressive painting. The effect is utterly unlike

its way, fine. And yet, returning to Turner's boisterous seascape 'Now for the Painter' one feels that too much was thrown away in the effort to be truthful, or perhaps that the effort in some way vitiated the ultimate truthfulness. But it is instructive to see what the British can do when they are provoked, and this room provides a memorable experience.

It is at this point that a car becomes necessary, for, having done justice to the pottery in the Museum annexe, the visitor should drive northwards to Queen's Park. Here amidst a good deal which is pretty rubbishy (the nineteenth-century equivalents of gorgeous Technicolor and cinemascopic pornography) there are some very reputable twentieth-century paintings. Farther north again stands Heaton Hall, a place more remarkable for itself than for its contents. Wyatt built it for the Egerton family, devising a façade which is at once varied, symmetrical and impressive; it looks over a considerable valley and although Manchester has invested the park in which it stands, the splendour of the view is almost worthy of the house. It was pleasant to find the cupola room, a remarkably beautiful example of late eighteenth-century decoration, in the process of being carefully restored and preserved. On the southern side of the city another eighteenth-century house, Platt Hall, contains a great collection of English costume, the most important in this country now that the Langley Moore museum has no local habitation.

There are other branch establishments; water colours at Fletcher Moss, furniture and ceramics at Wythenshawe Hall. But if the art treasures of Manchester are too far flung for the average visitor, they are also too numerous for description. It is, perhaps, more important to say something of the spirit that animates the custodians. This is remarkable. For

Manchester is not content merely to open its doors and await visitors. It seeks actively to diffuse its wealth.

Thus the Rutherford Collection, housed at Queen's Park, lends modern originals to schools and colleges. The great services that have been rendered by this organization are perhaps fairly well known. But I think that the Manchester Museum School Service is not, and it certainly deserves much admiration and public acknowledgement. The permanent staff of this body is making a serious and intelligent effort to see that the museums are fully and properly used. This is in truth the first problem of a good public gallery and what Manchester is doing sets an admirable example to the rest of the country. I can only hope that it will eventually result in an effective demand by the people of this city for a really adequate home for the fine arts in the centre of Manchester.



'Mrs. Charles Freeman', by Millais: from the City Art Gallery, Manchester

that which we receive when we examine the minutiae of a Flemish master. I cannot come nearer to a description of the difference than by saying that, whereas the Van Eycks let nothing escape them because they are passionately curious about life, the Pre-Raphaelites enter into details because they have a deep moral obligation to render a strict account of what they believe to be the truth. Ford Madox Brown, labouring at his 'Work', painted the mottled sunlight on the back of the Rev. F. D. Maurice not, as Renoir might have done, because he delighted in it, but because it would have been sinful to have suppressed material evidence.

There is undoubtedly something rather fine about this unswerving moral sincerity; and when it exercised its full power upon the facile genius of the young Millais, obliging him to accept an almost impossible angle of vision in his portrait of Mrs. Charles Freeman, the result is also, in

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Memoirs. By Admiral Doenitz.
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

Reviewed by F. H. HINSLEY

EIGHTEEN OUT OF the twenty-three chapters of this book are concerned entirely with the U-boat operations of the second world war. Admiral Doenitz was in command of these throughout the war, as C. in C. U-boats till January 1943, and subsequently as C. in C. of the German Navy; and his account of them is clear and balanced. Unfortunately—from the point of view of the interest of the book—on all aspects of these operations the British reader, because of the enormous amount of documents captured at the end of the war, already possesses more information than Admiral Doenitz provides. Whether it be about the strategy of the Battle of the Atlantic, the tactical methods of the U-boats, the logistics of U-boat building, the technical battle between the U-boats and Allied anti-U-boat devices, or even Admiral Doenitz's own conception of the struggle at the time, his reactions to the various problems that arose, his book tells us nothing that we did not know; though it is salutary to be reminded that, all in all, the U-boats fought the war without breaches of international regulations and that Doenitz was cleared on this charge at the Nuremberg tribunal.

For most readers, therefore, interest will be confined to the small part of the book which deals with matters of high politics. There are only two of these: Admiral Doenitz's attitude to Hitler's government at the time and after reflection since; and the brief period of twenty days when, as Hitler's nominated successor, he was the head of the Reich.

On the first of these issues the Admiral's comments are those of an honest, blunt and simple character who nevertheless does not escape the temptation of presenting himself as having been more simple than he was. He makes it clear that he supported Hitler's regime throughout. Up to the outbreak of war this was partly because he was grateful to Hitler for rescuing Germany from internal extremism and disunity and for raising Germany's international prestige without running the serious risk of war, and partly because he knew 'practically nothing' of the excesses of National Socialism until the autumn of 1938. After the outbreak of war it was because his duty to fight against Germany's enemies took priority over his regret that Germany was at war with England and France and over any misgivings that his knowledge of Nazi atrocities may have caused; and also because Hitler remained for him a man of high intelligence and great energy as well as the legitimate and legally appointed head of the State. These considerations were so important that he admits that on reflection, though he can now sympathize with the motives of those who plotted to assassinate Hitler, he still would not have approved of the resistance at the time even if he had known more about the Nazi atrocities than he did, particularly because he is convinced that the successful elimination of Hitler would only have engendered German civil war.

This is an honest statement and an understandable position, and it is much more convincing than the Admiral's attempt to qualify and embroider it. This takes two forms. He protests too much that, even after the outbreak of war, he still remained largely ignorant of the darker side of Nazism and argues that he cannot be expected to have learned much about it. This hardly squares with the fact that he rejected the services of Himmler and Ribbentrop and ordered the arrest of Goebbels and Bormann as soon as he succeeded Hitler. In the second place he is equivocal about his regret that war broke out with the Western Powers in 1939. He admits that this was due to a misconception on Hitler's part; but he frequently asserts that the misconception was the failure to understand the permanent and ruthless determination of the British to tolerate no such increase of German power as Hitler had achieved. It would have been better if he had admitted that, though he himself was convinced of this British determination and thus regretted the outbreak of war with the West in 1939 primarily on the grounds that the German U-boat arm was not yet ready for it, Hitler's mistake was to go farther than even the most tolerant of Powers could have been expected to stomach.

His account of his period as head of the German Government after Hitler's death calls for less comment. He had no choice but to succeed; he knew that his sole object was to surrender in the best possible circumstances; and no one can blame him for believing that this involved the longest possible delay for the purpose of withdrawing the maximum number of German troops and civilians from what was to be the Russian zone of occupation. Perhaps the only misjudgment in the account is that it repeats the charge that has frequently been made against the Americans—that they were politically shortsighted in not advancing as rapidly as possible upon Berlin and upon as much as possible of Eastern Germany in order to reduce the area of Russian occupation. What this charge overlooks is that the zones of occupation had already been solemnly agreed between the Allied Powers before the collapse of Germany—and so solemnly that no amount of advance into Germany could have made it thinkable that the agreed zones could be changed. It is the more surprising that Admiral Doenitz should repeat this mistake because he reveals that the German Government got hold of a copy of the Allied zone agreement in January 1945 and that it was helpful to him in his plans for surrender.

The Strange Death of Lord Castlereagh
By H. Montgomery Hyde.
Heinemann. 18s.

To those who knew him it was obvious from the first that mystery surrounded the death of Lord Castlereagh. Only the uninformed public swallowed the coroner's verdict that 'under a grievous disease of the mind . . . he did . . . inflict a deadly wound in his neck, whereof he died'. It is true that friends and colleagues, as the parliamentary session dragged on into

August, saw him showing signs of weariness and of a shortened temper, but a man does not cut his throat because he is tired or, if he is as fearless as Castlereagh, because he is ruffled by rancorous opposition: and there was no history of insanity in the family.

What then was the true cause? It was a question which those friends and colleagues must have asked themselves a hundred times, but if there was anything in some floating rumours it probably led to the resolution not to inquire further. The common version was good enough. And so it was for nearly a century until the publication of the diaries of Castlereagh's contemporaries, such as Thomas Creevey, Mrs. Arbuthnot, and the Princess Lieven, rendered so simple an explanation untenable. In their pages were found allusions to blackmail and dark references to the Bishop of Clogher's crime. Now blackmail must have some sort of a foundation whether true or false. It is therefore a reasonable deduction that if we discover this foundation we discover the secret of the suicide.

Mr. Montgomery Hyde in *The Strange Death of Lord Castlereagh* believes he has done so. It would not be fair to reveal his solution, but the reader will have little doubt when he has finished this book that Mr. Hyde has every reason to be satisfied with his effort at detection. Perhaps he has been so engrossed in his main theme that he has allowed himself to become careless about one fact: the waltz was not introduced into England by the Princess Lieven in 1812, as he declares twice in three pages. If he had studied the Creevey Papers more closely he would have learnt that in 1805, at Brighton, Prinny 'offered to waltz with Miss Johnstone, but very quietly . . .'

W. BARING PEMBERTON

The Novels of George Eliot

By Barbara Hardy. University of London, Athlone Press. 25s.

In Henry James's essay, *Daniel Deronda, a Conversation*, Pulcheria accuses George Eliot of having no sense of form; Theodora, who is, as James was, her admirer, replies, 'There is something higher than form; there is spirit'.

Mrs. Hardy considers this no answer, and the purpose of her book is to refute not only Pulcheria, but those critics who have adopted the cliché that the great novels of the last century were formless, 'large, loose, baggy monsters', and have forgotten that the mid-Victorian novelists were all good story tellers and that without form there is no story. Such critics are apt to single out *Silas Marner*, as Theodore Watts-Dunton did in his introduction, as the only one of George Eliot's novels in which she showed any power over 'the great art of construction'. The truth, as Mrs. Hardy rightly sees, is that *Silas Marner*, being an uncomplicated story, was suitable for the uncomplicated form. At the opposite pole, *Middlemarch*, far from formless, is 'a highly complicated and intricate organization' which appears to present the full and varied flow of life itself, while really, of course, representing it by skilful selection.

To use a parallel from another art can be misleading, but it is permissible to say that *Silas Marner* is George Eliot's basic theme lightly scored; in *Middlemarch* and in *Felix Holt* and *Daniel Deronda*, even more than in the earlier novels, the theme is fully orchestrated. The theme is the balance between egotism and altruism, and the story is primarily concerned with the alteration in the balance in one or more of the principal characters. As *Silas Marner* turns from a life which is only lived to keep himself going to the life of a foster father working for a loved child, so Fred Vincy turns from the life of an irresponsible boy to the life of a man working and loving; and Gwendolen Harleth learns painfully that the world was not made just for her and that other people's lives are not lived only in her direction. The growth of maturity is in fact George Eliot's basic theme.

In *Middlemarch*, for instance, the theme is sometimes entrusted to one set of instruments for chapters on end. The story of Dorothea's marriage to Casaubon occupies a whole book, and then gives place to the story of Lydgate's marriage to Rosamond Vincy, which in turn is succeeded by the death of old Featherstone and the expectations of his heirs, but all these parallel stories are closely interwoven. Mrs. Hardy points out George Eliot's use of the same kind of image to connect her characters, as when Dorothea, deciding after a night of jealousy and despair to go into action to help a fellow creature, calls for her new dress and bonnet; Mrs. Bulstrode, facing her husband's ruin and disgrace, takes off all her ornaments and puts on a plain cap and gown before going downstairs to share the debacle with him.

Mrs. Hardy's surprise at George Eliot's occasional hesitation between two destinies for her characters is not likely to be shared by any practising novelist; she is perhaps too much inclined to think, when George Eliot makes a character repeat a mistake, that she is guided by the form of her novel rather than by her own acute observation of life; but this book is an admirable answer to Pulcheria and a most interesting and stimulating comment on a great novelist, whose superb craftsmanship has not had full recognition.

LETTICE COOPER

Lermontov. By Janko Lavrin.

Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d.

Once again Professor Lavrin has broken new ground. His excellent study of Goncharov was the first in English; now he has written the first English book on Lermontov. It is a striking illustration of the comparatively recent establishment of Russian studies in this country that fundamental works on both these classic Russian authors appeared in France nearly half a century ago.

On the small scale of an extended essay of these 'Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought', Lermontov is a more awkward subject than Goncharov, who in his decades of bureaucratic vegetation produced three novels. Lermontov's brief life was volcanic, brimming over with violent action, seduction, quarrels, duels, exile, and reckless military exploits in the Caucasus. But this hard-bitten cynic was also a sensitive poet, consumed by loneliness and anguished by lack of sympathetic understanding. Rather than vegetate in the stuffy smart society of the time of Nicholas I, dominated by reaction

after the abortive Decembrist revolt, Lermontov burnt up his split soul in a meteor-like blaze.

His contradictory nature was acutely perceived by a contemporary, the critic Belinsky, who complained: 'I have not heard a single serious intelligent word from Lermontov. He seems to put on the superficiality of a man of the world'. Yet after a long talk with him, Belinsky exclaimed: 'What a fine tender soul of a poet'; and added: 'But I am sure he is already sorry for having shown me his true nature even for a moment'.

Much of Lermontov's poetry is dominated by an obsessive symbolism of angels and demons, culminating in his best-known long poem *The Demon*; his inner turmoil identified itself with the literary effects of English and French rebellious romantic poetry, especially that of Byron, in which he was steeped from an early age. This and other similar fundamental themes are skilfully traced through Lermontov's work by Professor Lavrin, though it may be felt that this diligent zeal, while providing an admirably comprehensive summary, does not do full justice to the pinnacle of Lermontov's achievement. Most of his work, after all, is juvenilia; he was killed in a duel at the age of twenty-six.

What gives Lermontov his high place is the small body of writing of his last years when he succeeded either in crystallizing his dilemma or in temporarily escaping from his tormented personality. The crystallization is seen in his one novel, *A Hero of Our Time*, by which most English readers judge his work. The central character Pechorin is famous as foreshadowing Dostoevsky's heroes, but the whole book has a lithe, muscular precision and a controlled sensitivity which make it unique in Russian literature.

Lermontov's occasional escapes from himself have a supreme timelessness, or else sometimes a remarkable modernity: he can express an unheroic view of warfare, foreshadowing Tolstoy; a profoundly keen and direct appreciation of nature and simple country life; and even an attitude to the Caucasian mountains, a kind of athletic aestheticism, similar to that of some modern mountaineers. In his poetry, demonic rebellion could yield at times to a mood of almost pantheistic reconciliation; but while he could be reconciled with nature, he could not be reconciled with the society in which he lived, he seems to have sought death, and died as he had lived, in a violent storm, to the fitting accompaniment of thunder and lightning.

MICHAEL FUTRELL

Lascaux: Paintings and Engravings

By Annette Laming.

Penguin Books. 5s.

Aesthetically, we are not likely to change our estimate of the art of the palaeolithic hunter. At its best, we know and appreciate its great virtue in the delineation of animals, in line, colour, relief or full three dimensions. We know both its sophistication and its limits—in composition, for example.

But when it comes to history and interpretation, our muddle is still more complete, more fantastic, than it needs to be. Discoveries multiply. Theories are haphazard. Mlle Laming in this book looks at the whole problem through one collection of animal images—the 600 or more inside Lascaux. This is sensible. For once focus is sharpened and concentrated.

The upshot of her examination is that the archaeological job has hardly begun. The Abbé Breuil has been a sturdy hero of the field stage, the stage (like that of the early barrow diggers) of discovery and collection. But then consider Mlle Laming's catalogue of doubts and scamped investigation.

The Milieu. Our knowledge of climate, fauna, and conditions, locally and consecutively, in the Ice Age is still woefully approximate.

Dates. For Lascaux there is now a date in absolute chronology, about 13,000 B.C., which with other radio carbon datings begins to make hay of old relativities and concepts.

The How. Not a single painted cave has yet been scientifically and completely excavated. A cave—Lascaux, for example—is discovered much as it was left by the last men to frequent it during the Old Stone Age. Before any scientific examination begins, under intellectual discipline, the cave is trodden and muddled. The collectors rush to the walls, to the paintings; and the cave becomes a peep-show.

The Why. Obviously the cultural scheme of the palaeolithic peoples will look very different after another fifty years. Meanwhile theories of the purpose of cave art (Mlle Laming shows this with a horrible clarity) are no triumph of the archaeological brain or of French reasoning. She will convince readers that some theories are wild, that no theory offers more than part of an explanation. Totemism? No. Hunting magic? Yes, and no. It explains some, but not all the images; and anthropological analogues (for example, from Arnhem Land) are on Mlle Laming's side when she believes that myth and legend are portrayed.

Here is one example of her useful scepticism. Masked, semi-human, semi-other-animal figures are depicted here and there; and have been interpreted either as masked hunters, or as shamans, magic practitioners, about their business. Mlle Laming simply reminds us that in the art of church or cathedral it is not ceremonial practice but the mythical and legendary substance of religion that is portrayed. 'There is no point', she quotes from Luquet, 'in portraying a ceremony which can be performed in reality'. Indeed, we may hazard that the art itself was a ceremony.

Cave images are no doubt our first evidence of a human cosmology profound and passionate enough to provoke an art which is passionate and self-certain. But we have everything to learn. Mlle Laming asks for less rigidity of mind, and more study of the images before theorizing. She believes that, in our collecting stage, eyes and minds have stared too long at animal images individually; and she questions theories of superimposition and haphazard placing in the belief that particular species are deliberately and not at all fortuitously associated in cave panels.

The sheer art side of her book is the weakest. She describes as 'magnificent' (a favourite adjective) images, as of the Lascaux bison, which are not at all magnificent, but dull and lumpy. When, in our terminology at least, the word should be 'naturalistic', she says that quaternary art is 'fundamentally realistic', a statement she then contradicts (as she must do) again and again. But then archaeologists are too often under the thumb of outmoded concepts of art.

All the same, here is one of those books in which thinking begins again.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Brush Up Your Culture

'DO YOU REGARD YOURSELF as primarily a poet or primarily a writer of prose?' Thus Huw Wheldon, with tremendous eagerness, to Robert Graves (in 'Monitor', April 26): and one's first reaction was, how innocent do you have to get? For if there is one fact about Mr. Graves which has been well known for thirty years, it is that he regards himself primarily as a poet. But then (we shall be told) think of all those viewers who had never even heard of Robert Graves until Mr. Wheldon went to Majorca and spoon-fed them the basic facts. I sometimes wonder if the ideal television viewer isn't someone of immense keenness and varied interests who yet contrives to remain resolutely ignorant of everything until it is presented on television: little patches of blinding light in the enormous attentive darkness.

Assuming that such a viewer had switched on last Sunday week, what would he have learnt about Mr. Graves? That he is primarily a poet, with a face Rembrandt might have painted; has eight children; hates writing but loves rewriting, and does many versions of everything; is currently writing a Broadway musical ('it should be all right, you know'); likes handling some ancient object, such as a coin, when writing about the past; regards poetry as a matter of magical insulation, putting a ring round experience; looks after the compost ('it's pretty rich'). A hotchpotch of the trivial, the newsy and the really interesting, with little attempt to distinguish or evaluate. This glossy-magazine, society-photographer technique when interviewing famous artists is becoming a 'Monitor' speciality. One was far too conscious of camera-tricks—Mr. Graves's bare feet padding along a corridor, the two children eavesdropping on the interview, then scampering away. Admittedly, we heard a poem or two, but against this visually

distracting background, I doubt if anyone hearing them for the first time would have received a very memorable impression.

It seems to me fair enough to assume ignorance if you then go on to do something specific and definite about it, as Thurston Dart did, also in 'Monitor', when he showed how Handel's music is all things to all tastes and times by playing the same piece on different instruments: on the pianoforte nineteenth-century romantic grandeur, on the organ nobility, on the clavichord Elizabethan intimacy, and on the harpsichord (Mr. Dart felt) what Handel himself intended. I really enjoyed this: Mr. Dart combines the best kind of academic



Mr. Robert Graves in his house in Majorca, as he was seen in 'Monitor' on April 26



'Some Call Me Sister' on April 28

clarity with a performer's insight and enthusiasm.

As for 'Monitor's third item, an interview with the Dutch film-director Bert Haanstra, I admit to having been the ideal viewer. I had not heard of him before, but after seeing samples of his work—particularly *Fanfare*, an affectionate Ealing-style lyric comedy about a brass band—I feel sure we shall all be hearing more of him.

More film 'trailers' the following evening, this time from Sweden (in the 'Cinema Today' series). If Haanstra's work seemed to reflect, like the canals of Amsterdam, the calm good humour of the Dutch, Ingmar Bergman's epitomizes the emotional tensions of Swedish intellectual life which, as Mai Zetterling observed in a charming interview, is more introspective than ours. That (one felt after seeing these pieces) is putting it mildly. The romantic symbolism seemed at times decadent, a late flowering of Germanic *Sturm und Drang*.



Mai Zetterling in *Swinging on a Rainbow*, an excerpt from which was shown in the programme on 'The Swedish Cinema Today' on April 27

Bergman's most recent film, *The Face*, a study of hypnotism, took one back to Thomas Mann

Film-fans had their biggest treat on Thursday, when Derek Bond interviewed that great star Bette Davis (a film-recording made last summer when she was over here making *The Scapegoat*). It was like a scene from one of her films: a thunderstorm, her absolute poise, those famous eyes, the smile, the voice electric with vitality—'How do you take your tea, Mr. Bond?' But Miss Davis, a theatre-trained professional of the old school, firmly separated from life: 'There is a way of giving a performance', as she put it, which is worlds away from the 'Method'—'like peeping at real life through a key-hole'.

Duncan Ross's dramatized documentary 'Some Call Me Sister' illustrated afresh the television axiom that medical is a synonym for irresistible. But Mr. Ross's professional conduct was impeccable: he never descended to the catch-penny. The setting was good: a Home Counties village turning into a dormitory suburb, where there is no smoke without fire and nobody misses the smoke. Nurse Charles and her daily doings were the focus not only of local need but of local gossip and, when an unmarried mother turned up, of local scandal. No wonder some of her patients were reluctant to go to the clinic for fear of wagging tongues. The final scene, with the old women watching the ambulance with satisfied nods, nicely



From the film profile of Bette Davis on April 30: a scene from *The Scapegoat*. Left to right: Annabel Bartlett as Marie-Noel, Alec Guinness as John Barrett, Maria Britneva as the maid, and Bette Davis as the Dowager Countess

sounded off a convincing picture of life in vanishing rural England: in the words of one elderly patient, who had found a drug sweeter than the whole pharmacy of the National Health Service, 'You've no idea what goes on in the world till you gets the telly'.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Celtic Capers

THE GREAT ARMADA continues to pay dividends. George A. Birmingham had very popular fun with Spanish gold half a century ago and Scottish comedy has dredged the waters of Tobermory for what doubloons they may yield. Sunday night's play, *Mooney's Wreck* by Colin Morris, was therefore launched on wellcharted seas when we went to join the prospectors in some maritime west of Ireland village. Was Ballyhoo the name? It well could have been.

The Irish voice lured one along. With Harry Hutchinson as an old sea-dog, master of collapsible craft, and wishing that the gold-diggers (or divers) would let sleeping sea-dogs lie, it was certain that the comedy would have the rich quality to be expected of a fine veteran of the Irish Players at their best. John Welsh was a less expected figure in this company, but he did well by never over-playing the avaricious optimism of a local innkeeper and tradesman who sees himself at the receiving end of a rainbow. Peggy Marshall was excellent too as the level-headed lady of the house.

Since the play ended well before its scheduled time one could only conclude that something had been thrown overboard as well as the living apparatus. The entertainment was more of a jovial scramble than a clearly told story and it suffered by introducing characters whom we had no time to appreciate. Doubtless David Aylmer would have been very amusing as the young Englishman who was teaching Ballyhoo the art of Public Relations, but his part was too small and so good a character-player as Tony Quinn was wasted behind the bar, having hardly a line to serve out with the drinks.

The production by Gilchrist Calder, with useful film shots to get us all aboard old Hannigan's lugger, was vivacious and included one or two effective close-ups of Irish eyes not smiling as in the song, but glinting with the prospect of old gold. There was a certain amount of muddle in the narrative, but one does not go to Ballyhoo for the logic of events.

In a week of thin theatrical output, *Home Winner*, a football comedy by Gafan Morris, scored points for Wales (April 29). But why not on a diversion of this sportive kind as late as a quarter-past ten? The jest was enjoyable by adults, but still more, I should have thought, was it a piece of cake for the school-boys. The story was of the comical-fantastical kind which the Welsh can tell and act with an unforced gravity.

Albert Jones was discovered to be a goal-setting wonder-boy. What a gift for the poor Treparry Football Club which was sinking in a flood of defeats! But Albert, who had gold in

his boots, had queer notions in his head. As a child he had been the frightened victim of a runaway pram: the shock had made him terrified of anything on wheels. So the victim of cyclophobia could travel only by trotting along on his favourite nag. But his miraculous feet carried the Treparry team upward and onward;

the part of a failed singer whose calamities afflicted him with a nervous twitch. Because of this jittering and fidgeting he was suddenly recognized as the ideal rock-and-roller at whose appearance the lunatic feminine fringe became a wilderness of screaming monkeys. Frankie's future as a 'pop' disk seemed to be assured:

but cured of his twitch he was stripped of his song-appeal and returned to the melancholy status of an incompetent oaf. Through these disasters the player stammered and stumbled with his usual presentation of a likable zany, gangling of body and drawling of speech. It was bad luck on him that Wales should have used the cure that paralyses as a laughter-maker just before Howerd gave us his escapade in shivers and shakes.

The *Top Town Tournament* on alternate Thursdays reveals the ability of amateurs to rattle through a number of 'turns' in some twenty minutes with a professional command of timing. Why the judging should be allotted to scattered panels with local mayors as chairmen I cannot imagine. Furthermore these panels have no time to think or argue about merits and have to telephone their judgments on the instant. If there is to be any justice done, there should be judges who are theatrical or music-hall experts and they should not be so hustled. In my opinion justice is not done. The verdict for Ealing over Blackpool struck me as nonsensical. But I suppose the viewers are more concerned with entertainment than with equity, and they receive a fair ration of the former.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Two Immortals

Two SPLENDID productions of plays by two of the immortals confirm the view that lasting honours only await those playwrights whose purpose is didactic but who also respect the dramatic aesthetic. Molière's *The Misanthrope* and Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* may be said to be debating issues that were specific to their time and to the society that first saw them. Molière's play may be interpreted as a slashing attack on the corrupt life of a court fighting a rearguard action against the

new enlightenment. Shakespeare's play may also be interpreted narrowly as part of that debate on political violence and the overthrowing of a degree which finally took physical form in 1642. Both plays undoubtedly embody the conflicts of ideas of their time but they transcend their time because their authors used their dramatic sense to transform the particular into a general observation of the human situation.

Shakespeare embarks on a judgment of *Coriolanus* but he is also aware that *Coriolanus*'s dilemma was not singular. As he balances his virtues against his vices he not only creates the human form of *Coriolanus*; he creates the form of any man of violence faced with the inevitable moment when he must resign violence to maintain power. There is a moment when he resolves to take Volumnia's advice to go to the people 'with this bonnet in thy hand'. But the people have set up a proud man in the image



Scene from *Mooney's Wreck* on May 3, with (left to right) Peggy Marshall as Katie Mooney, Paddy Joyce as Frankie, John Welsh as Mooney, John Kelly as Sergeant Reilly, Kate Binchy as Bridie, and Harry Hutchinson as Hannigan



Home Winner on April 29, with (left to right) Aubrey Richards as Joe Harris, John Rees as Albert Jones, John Gill as Dr. Schilling, and Glyn Houston as Harry Vaughan

so that there were plenty of jog-trot journeys to be made, even the supreme one to Wembley. By the time a harassed management had got him there, a rashly summoned psychiatrist had got at Albert too. Who better than a 'trick-cyclist' to cope with a cyclophobe? But there is said to be a law of compensation in these matters: cured of one panic, Albert developed another; he fled from the sight of a football.

The journey from cyclophobia to sphaerophobia was easily foreseen. But the joke held. We can always trust Dafydd Gruffydd to lead an animated cast into hilarious action. Eynon Evans could not fail to entertain as the Club Chairman, a fussy old humbug, and John Rees as that simple vessel of the 'complex', Albert the one-time wizard, looked a proper 'natural'.

By a coincidence Frankie Howerd turned up with almost the same plot in his *Frankly Howerd* episode two nights later. Frankie took

of their hatred and they, just as much his pride, force him to continue in the paths of violence.

Continuing in the path of violence involves Coriolanus in actions which are in fact at odds with the idea that he is entirely the portrait of a proud man. If he were utterly proud he would not submit to horse-dealing with his one-time enemies. If Shakespeare were intent on showing merely the fall of pride the last scene would not make sense. The speeches which follow Coriolanus's death are dramatically necessary: they achieve that sense of completion and purgation. They also provide the dram weights in the scales set up to judge the tyrant. Though his violence has forced him to a violent end it is Aufidius who reminds us that he has done the state some service and that in spite of everything Coriolanus was noble. This nobility which balances was transmitted by the voice of Mr. Patrick Wyndham and was played against a most realistic production by Mr. John Gibson, who knows how to transmute stage plays into the radio form.

The Misanthrope was a delight not only because Mr. Peter Watts had trained his cast in a mannered delivery which suited Mr. Richard Wilbur's translation excellently. It was enjoyed because humanity still provides societies for people like Alceste (Mr. Keith Michell) to stumble in. Honesty may always have been the best policy but it is fraught with as many pitfalls today as it was in Molière's time. Preference, the keeping and making of friends, success in love and social equilibrium still force the honest to speak occasionally with slightly forked tongues. When I read Mr. Wilbur's translation I was afraid that the production would fall into a pantomime trap but Mr. Watts had so tensed his actors' deliveries that the rhyming couplets gave something of the original wit instead of forcing the cast into a kind of limp.

Herr Heinrich Böll's *A Day Like Any Other* employed a technique which has been used by German radio writers for many years but which is less used here. Through the narrating voice of a husband the listener was introduced to a short-story situation in which the husband, a clerk, leaves his office and suddenly sees his wife in the street and sees her as a stranger would. He realizes that their marriage has become silent with habit, and when he returns to the office his chief is so worried by his appearance of strain that he sends him home. He goes home and the piece ends very simply with the husband saying that he wants to talk to his wife. Herr Böll captured the loneliness and the sense of alienation which is a feature of life today in cities. Mr. Christopher Sykes produced the play and successfully suggested the environment of monotony that surrounds many of us.

Mr. R. D. Smith succeeded in transporting me to the top of a mountain next door to Mont Blanc in his *Out of the Night*, which was based on a novel by Mr. Hugh Merrick. It was Mr. Merrick's fault rather than Mr. Smith's that the motives for the climbing of the mountain by a widower diplomatist seemed rather shallow. True he had been to the mountain with his wife but did he prove anything but his death by climbing it again?

Mr. Michael Hardwick's *Laces for a Lady* was a pleasant piece of smuggling mixed up with Napoleonic spies in a Hampshire creek: it was fun though necessarily slight.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Youth and Age

A DIARY OF CHILDHOOD has always been and (whatever the jaded may say) always will be one of the most eloquent media of fiction, more

especially the short story. Think of Chekhov's *The Steppe*, Pasternak's *The Childhood of Luvers*, or of the amazing infants in Tolstoy and Dostoevsky: which suggests that this use of the child's eye view is more particularly an east European speciality. If so, the rule was in no way contradicted by Josef Bard's *Game of Chess*, a story set in the Hungary and Serbia of forty-odd years ago, which was rendered as a monologue by Patricia Hayes, produced by D. G. Bridson, with an admirably judged musical relish prepared and added by Matyas Seiber.

Apart from its merits as a story, this was obviously a ticklish piece to put over in terms of radio. Miss Hayes's rendering of the boy's voice, fluting, agog with excitement, was excellent but would have become a tedious *tour de force* if the matter and movement of the story, and her identification with these, had not soon taken over. This tale—like a well-known and much more sophisticated one by Anatole France—was a study in irony and innocence, a warily unexpected approach to a tremendous historical event. The boy, Anton, is making the first great journey of his life, from Buda to Belgrade, to stay with his brother. Serbia is a 'new' country—full of glittering uniforms, barefoot peasantry, lurking radicals—a country without a history, until a storm breaks in the sunshine, and King Alexander and his queen, whose portraits smile down at the boy in his bedroom, are murdered—by the important colonel with whom he has just played a peculiar game of chess. The first great war, and the boy's real schooling in the incalculable ways of the world, have simultaneously begun.

Schooling more up to date, and slightly more calculable, was discussed in this week's 'Matters of Moment'. Broadly the issue was between the three types of non-primary education, grammar school, secondary modern, and the new comprehensive school. This proved a lively and enjoyable scrimmage, well refereed by George Scott. There was an aroma of politics and high-pressure advertising about the zeal with which the master of a comprehensive school tried to 'sell' this new commodity—at the expense of that age-bound and monastic institution, the grammar school. But this was the kind of enthusiasm that makes its own case suspect, with over-statement. I was left wondering how an organization so big, and guaranteed to satisfy the most specialized needs of its pupils, could possibly be adequately staffed. Surely it would be found, as this type of school multiplied, that many of these special minorities could after all more usefully be catered for together; and the grand experiment, at least in this respect, would have defeated itself.

As an answer to everything, the comprehensive school, on this showing, may have ignored some of the questions. The problems it was obviously designed to answer—parental hysteria about eleven-plus examinations, and the accompanying conviction that children at least should be equally intelligent, with the doubtful proviso that some may be more equal than others—these were well in evidence throughout the argument. But, apart from one volley of common sense from a woman teacher, they were never examined for what they might really be worth. If the debate had an issue, it was that the three types of schooling are all, so far, fulfilling a necessary function, and that for the newest of the three to swallow the others, simply because it was new, would almost certainly be a disaster.

Of two remarkably un-crabbed portraits of old age, that of the late G. E. Moore, an equilibrated, four-cornered tribute, has already been printed in these pages. In last week's 'People Today' Sir Thomas Beecham was there to present himself and toy with a few questions in person. He obviously enjoyed certain little

mishaps that occurred during the recording, and his handling of some of the questions put by Wynford Vaughan Thomas was—fully characteristic. Perhaps one secret of his success as a great stylist in his own domain is the fact that he can never take anything outside it very seriously.

Knowing nothing of Sir Charles Dilke, the subject of 'Beware of the Member for Chelsea', I was sufficiently wary. But this talk between a biographer, historian, and scholar on a divorce case that was only less notorious than the Parnell-O'Shea affair, proved a fascinating study in Victorian psychology, and the respectability, squalor, and intrigues of the world that dictated its workings.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

The Year 193

THERE ARE certain years whose dates stick conveniently in musicians' minds because of some seemingly fortuitous accumulation of striking events, occurrences so curious in their apparent coincidence that even a listless memory retains and can recall them. Such a year is 1685, when the demiurge turned its attention to music and three babes were born, destined to become creative musicians of immense stature: J. S. Bach, G. F. Handel, and Domenico Scarlatti. Then there was 1813, and at that moment the demiurge, in a mood of rather unkind humour, prepared to rend in twain the comfortable world of opera by producing Wagner in the May and Verdi in the October, an improbable and devastating confrontation.

Coming to the present century and to our island history, 1934 is memorable as the year when Elgar, Delius, and Holst died. At the end of their lives these men had reached eminence far removed from one another. Elgar's exclusive domain was the symphony; in those heights he moved with such ease and power as neither of the others attained. Delius's peak was the short orchestral piece, especially that score for a small force, and there he exceeded the other two in mastery. Holst was pre-eminent over both Elgar and Delius in choral manipulation, balance of parts, scansion of words, melodic phrasing, harmonic colouring, all combined into the finest art, so that a single part song will display his individuality, whereas Delius should have fifteen minutes and Elgar more than double the time for expanding his symphonic thought.

The three famous men were commemorated last week (Wednesday, Home Service) in a concert of good playing and singing by the B.B.C. Chorus, Choral Society, and Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent with Mr. James Milligan as an eloquent soloist in Delius's *Sea Drift*.

The programme (Holst's *Beni Mora* and Elgar's *Cockaigne* on either side of the Delius) was interesting although if, as might have been expected, the concert was designed to display an essential quiddity of each man, its build was odd. The choice was presumably governed by considerations of interest-balance, two pure instrumental pieces separated by one for chorus and orchestra, the whole to be contained within the bounds of sixty minutes. Neither Holst nor Elgar left an apt short choral work, and so had to be Delius. His *Sea Drift* was of a fair length for a centre-piece. As for Holst, the *Beni Mora* Oriental Suite was right for length; charming fantasy though not really representative of his mature outlook nor liable to arouse memories in the listener since it is so seldom performed that the publishers have not risked reprinting it and we were unable to buy a score to prepare for this concert. That rarity of performance is something that ought to be changed.



the things they say!

Hello! Where did you drop in from?

I've just got in from Malaya. I.C.I. has a lot of customers out there.

I've been giving them a hand with some of their problems.

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business worth over £70,000,000 a year.



and perhaps this excellent broadcast will help there. As for Elgar, what can you do for a man who demands the abundant expanses of a symphonic movement when all you can offer is fifteen minutes? *Cockaigne* was as good a choice as any; and a few days later we had Elgar's first symphony.

Within little more than twelve hours the B.B.C. Concert Orchestra, under Vilem Tausky, entered the field (Thursday, Home) with a work apiece for the great men of 1934. Here the music brought them into closer contact: Holst's *St. Paul's Suite*, four of Elgar's *Wand of Youth* movements, Delius's *Walk to the Paradise*

Garden. These were all short spans of music, intimate for the most part, largely gay in feeling or, in the Delius, exquisitely nostalgic, never at all grandiose until the final bars of the Elgar. It was instructive, as an instance of average present-day insight and taste, that in each concert it was the Delius that was best performed. Mr. Tausky produced adequate though not thrilling performances of Holst and Elgar, whereas the Delius was illuminated with poetry.

From listening to recent recitals of chamber music by Daniel Jones, it has come to me that this vivid Welshman, when he is forced to curb his abundant fancy and to work within the

accepted confines of certain smaller musical forms, produces some of his finest work, certainly work more palatable to me than is his symphonic music. I have in the past admired that. Nevertheless I have repeatedly found hard to concentrate upon and quickly clouded over with incomprehension and forgetfulness. But these short piano pieces—the Prelude (1936), the seven pieces dated 1955—in the relative conciseness give off a pungent savour. The same might be said of the Wind Septet (1949) and certainly of the four pieces for violin and violin dated 1948.

SCOTT GODDARD

Carl Nielsen and the Stage

By ROBERT LAYTON

Saul and David will be broadcast at 6.25 p.m. on Sunday, May 10 (Third)

CARL NIELSEN'S REPUTATION in this country rests on his six symphonies, which span the greater part of his creative life from 1892, when the First Symphony appeared, to 1925 which saw the completion and first performance of the *Sinfonia semplice*. Although the symphonies taken in sequence reveal the growth of Nielsen's musical personality much in the same way as Sibelius's do, the picture of him cannot be said to be complete without his vocal and stage music, which is grossly neglected outside Scandinavia. The numerous songs, the two operas, and the various choral works constitute about a half of his entire output. The songs alone would ensure Nielsen a place of honour in the history of Scandinavian music for they are more truly representative of his musical personality than Sibelius's, as eloquent in feeling and pure in utterance as Grieg's, and as perfect in conception and design as, though more simple in theme than, Kilpinen's.

It is in the rich fund of Danish folk-music that Nielsen's vocal style has its roots. This has, of course, fertilized the melodic style of the symphonic and instrumental music; like Sibelius, Nielsen was a competent violinist and the literature of Scandinavian folk-music for that instrument has not been without its effect on him. Choral music attracted Nielsen throughout his life; his first important choral work, *Hymnus amoris*, a superbly wrought piece full of many touches of mastery, dates from 1896, four years after the First Symphony, and he received commissions for choral pieces right up to the last year of his life. Similarly, stage-music occupies a prominent position in the corpus of his work; in this connexion it must be remembered that Nielsen succeeded no less a figure than Johan Svendsen for a time as director of music to the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen. Thus Nielsen wrote a good deal of incidental music of which that to *Aladdin* (1918) and *Moderen* (1920) is the best known. The former music betrays Nielsen's instinct for the theatre; there is some highly effective and colourful music in this score. On the other hand, in *Moderen* we find strophic, folk-like songs such as the famous *Min pige er saa lys som Rav* which are of disarming simplicity.

When one considers his life-long interest in both the stage and the human voice, it is perhaps surprising that Nielsen wrote only two operas and that after *Maskarade* (1906) he never returned to the medium. As a matter of interest the same year also saw the completion of his last essay in the string quartet. *Maskarade* is known in this country by the delightful orchestral interludes and its exuberant, extrovert overture; its predecessor, however, *Saul and*

David, remains unknown outside Scandinavia apart from the orchestral prelude to the second of the opera's four acts. Its libretto is by Einar Christiansen, for whose play, *Cosmus*, Nielsen later was to compose incidental music (1922). Begun in 1898, it was completed in 1901, the second act being written while the composer was living in Italy in 1900.

Nielsen's operatic sympathies did not lie in Wagnerian directions. His sentiments are summed up in a diary entry: 'Wagner's characters undertake too little; they only talk. They talk about what has happened, what is happening and what is going to happen, yet nothing happens after all'. Thus neither *Saul and David* nor *Maskarade* is influenced by the principles of the Wagnerian music drama. *Saul and David* is nevertheless no conventional opera; in many respects it resembles a series of impressive tableaux for the action is comparatively static. The impact that the opera makes (even in an indifferent production) is due, first and foremost, to the compelling logic of the score. The opera seems to unfold itself symphonically; the musical argument is closely sustained and the invention, which is of the highest quality, never flags.

The opening of the work, where Saul is discovered impatiently awaiting the arrival of the prophet Samuel, instantly places it chronologically in Nielsen's output. The introductory bars seem to presage in their harmonies the explosive passages in the *collegero* movement of the *Four Temperaments* Symphony, which did in fact follow a year later. The firmly sculptured melodic line, the individual, fresh chromaticism always tempered by diatonic yet resourceful harmonies, the sense of genuine movement; all these are facets of the style with which we are familiar in the early symphonies. When, a little later in the same act, Jonathan comforts Saul, 'Herren, vor Gud, er en naadig Gud' (The Lord, Our God, is merciful) we recognize, despite the more urgent pulse, the lyricism and warmth that informs the slow movement of the G minor Symphony. David's entry brings music of similar beauty but the sensuousness of much of the invention associated with him is never allowed to luxuriate into self-indulgence but retains its Nordic freshness.

The high quality of the choral writing is evident from the very opening; the music preceding Samuel's entry shows how firmly wedded are Nielsen's choral instincts to euphony of effect without sacrificing his individuality of style. This high quality of inspiration is matched in the choral writing in the second act. There are some beautiful exchanges between Mikal (Saul's daughter) and the women's chorus, which

follow her farewell to David, and again there is haunting music of grave beauty when the two are reunited towards the end of the same act. The act itself ends on an appropriately dramatic note with an impassioned outburst from Saul. The choral writing in the remaining two acts is of equal distinction, though it is interesting to note that as the drama unfolds itself the choral texture becomes more contrapuntal in character.

As Robert Simpson has pointed out in his book on the composer, it is on *Saul* that the opera mainly centres; his is the classic tragic story of the downfall of a great man through some flaw of character, and it is for him that Nielsen mobilizes our sympathies. The streak of nobility that tempers the anger in the *collegero* movement of the Second Symphony is well evident in Saul's outbursts. Another instance of Nielsen's feeling for the theatre emerges in the third act, which is highly concentrated in design and full of contrast and variety; the warmth of the music accompanying the reconciliation of Saul and David (a magnificent essay in vocal counterpoint) is flanked by an introductory scene in which David comes near to slaying Saul and a closing scene where Samuel anoints David and thus once more rouses Saul's jealousy. There is every evidence of dramatic skill in the structure of this act, and were it not for his overriding preoccupation with the more highly concentrated drama of the symphony, Nielsen might well have developed into a master of the medium.

The character delineation is on the whole clear and the scoring effective. Exaggerated claims for its effectiveness as pure opera would do it a disservice for the action does not move as swiftly or smoothly as, for example, in *Maskarade*, based on Holberg and set in eighteenth-century Copenhagen. But there is every evidence of the skilful dramatic treatment of his theme; witness the opening of the fourth act where Saul pays his visit to the witch of Endor, and there is sustained beauty of invention from the moment the curtain rises until the moving ending where David pays tribute to the fallen Saul, in which he is joined by the chorus.

Saul and David is of historical significance in the development of Scandinavian music, for while it is not the first Scandinavian opera of merit, it is the first that reveals the undisputed mastery that demands international attention. This has been slow in coming, for the opera was first staged in 1902. But it retains its warmth, spontaneity and humanity and it is a measure of its stature that it still towers over the Scandinavian operatic scene.

A Dinner for May

By MARGARET RYAN



A two-course dinner for four people, costing £1, using ingredients now in the shops.

ROAST SHOULDER of lamb with watercress stuffing, currant mint sauce, new potatoes, spinach, and glazed grape flan.

Shopping List

	s. d.
Butcher:	
4 lb. of shoulder of lamb	10 0
Greengrocer:	
Mint (1 bunch)	3
½ lb. of watercress	6
Onion (1 oz. needed)	1
Lemon (for sauce, pastry, and spinach)	3
1½ lb. of new potatoes	1 0
3 lb. of spinach	2 0
1½ lb. of S. African white grapes	2 6
Grocer:	
½ lb. of red currant jelly	1 0
6 oz. of flour	3
8 oz. of butter	1 8
1 egg	3
1 teaspoon of caster sugar	½
Seasoning (salt, pepper)	½
Baker:	
½ lb. of stale bread	3½
	£1 0 1½

Ask your butcher to bone a shoulder of Canterbury lamb weighing about 4 lb. If possible buy it a day ahead and do not put it into your refrigerator but leave it hanging in an airy place for twenty-four hours. It should begin to look a little dried up before it is cooked.

Spread the joint open and sprinkle the inside of the pocket from which the bone has been taken with salt and pepper. Then spread it with the stuffing described below. Roll firmly and tie it in three places, or sew the edges together with a darning needle and coarse thread. Roast in a moderate oven (not more than 400°F or mark 6), allowing twenty-five minutes to the pound. Do not have the oven too fierce or cook it too long, or the stuffing

will splutter out and burn, and the meat will be difficult to carve.

For the watercress stuffing sieve 8 oz. of breadcrumbs from a stale white loaf. Well wash and chop finely the ½ lb. of watercress and 1 oz. of onion. Melt 1½ oz. of butter in a small pan and then stir it into the breadcrumbs. Season. Melt another 1½ oz. of butter in the pan and cook the finely chopped onion in it for two minutes. Add the chopped watercress, stir, and then add to the breadcrumbs, pressing it all together with the hands.

Currant mint sauce is delicious, easily made, and particularly suitable for spring. Take ½ lb. of red-currant jelly, and (for this menu) reserve 2 tablespoons from it for glazing the grape flan. Turn out the rest into a basin and with a fork stir into it 2 tablespoons of finely chopped mint, adding 1 tablespoon of grated lemon rind and about 2 teaspoons of lemon juice. Stir well until the consistency is uniform. Hand this with the joint, serving as vegetables new potatoes and spinach blended with a little lemon juice and butter.

Glazed grape flan is a pretty dish. Do not be tempted to serve cream with it, for it would spoil the transparent beauty of the grapes and mask the clean freshness of the taste. For the pastry make a rich, short crust and roll out to fit a 7-inch tin, if possible using a square shape. Bake blind in the oven at 400°F, or mark 6, until golden. While it is still hot, brush the bottom with the glaze described below, using a pastry brush.

To fill the flan, skin 1½ lb. of grapes and split each in half, removing the pips. This is easy with the large white South African grapes now in the shops. Arrange them in neat rows in the flan case, keeping the outer side of the halved grapes uppermost, so that they look like large green-glass beads. Then, using a pastry brush, dab the warm glaze gently over the fruit, filling in all cracks and corners. Allow to cool and set. For the glaze, slowly melt 2

tablespoons of red-currant jelly with 1 teaspoon of water, stirring gently over a low heat. Do not boil. Use while still warm, but not hot.

Boys and girls who like doing things with their hands will enjoy *Clever Hands* by Richard Slade (Faber, 10s. 6d.). In it they will find instructions for simple weaving, plaster casting, making glove puppets, using oil colours and so on. Another attractive book for children is *How to Do Nothing with Nobody All Alone by Yourself*, by Robert Paul Smith (The World's Work Ltd., 10s. 6d.). This describes the unexpected things one can do with rubber bands, sea-shells, conkers, cotton-reels, pocket knives, and bits of wood.

Notes on Contributors

A. J. MARSHALL (page 785): Reader in Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College; author of *Black Musketeers, Men and Birds of Paradise*, Australia Limited, Bower Birds, etc.

DAVID JONES, C.B.E. (page 791): Welsh painter and poet; works already acquired by the Tate Gallery, the Victoria and Albert Museum and foundations in Canada and Australia; author of *In Parenthesis*, *The Anathemata*, and *Epoch and Artist*.

SIR HERBERT READ (page 793): President of the Institute of Contemporary Arts; Editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, 1933-39; author of *The Meaning of Art*, *A Concise History of Modern Painting*, etc.

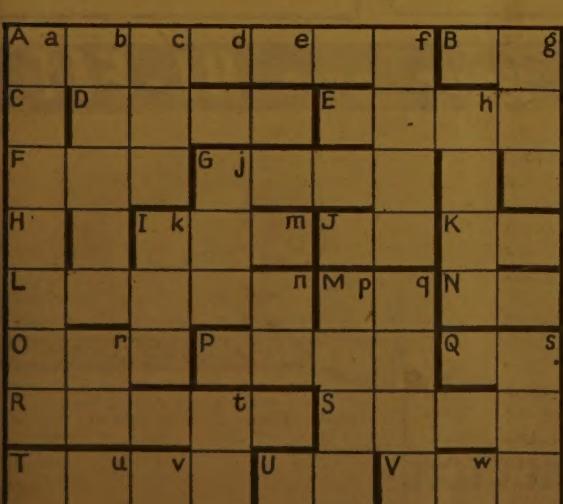
D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY (page 795): University Lecturer in Tibetan and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge; author of *Proprietary*; editor of *The Satapancasatka of Matraca*.

RONALD GOOD (page 797): Professor of Botany, Hull University; author of *Plants and Human Economics*, *Features of Evolution in the Flowering Plants*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,510.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, May 14. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



A triangular number θ is of the form $\frac{1}{2}n(n+1)$, where n is an integer. Every value of θ used is either the product of two primes or a perfect square. ϕ is the sum of two such values of θ , no one of which is used more than twice. $4\phi+1=\alpha^2+\beta^2$ where $\alpha < \beta$ and the clues give sets of values of ϕ , α , β . Capital letters across, small letters down.

CLUES

	ϕ	α	β
1.	$n+H$	C	$J+H$
2.	$j-J$	v	$J+u$
3.	$c+N$	d	w^2
4.	S	B	$t+w$
5.	p	M	$r-e$
6.	f	3H	$I-e$
7.	$F-N$	J	I
8.	T	$M+w$	$k-H$

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E U R M C H I P C I R

S A H C I L L A D E A D D A N E A M M E S M E S

C T P T R E D T

T I T T U P

M V S K

E V K

D R A B A T

E R

Solution of No. 1,508

NOTES

Face II discloses means of access: OPEN HERE

Face IV discloses contents: EMERALDS



1st prize: Rev. J. W. A. Cowgill (Retford); 2nd prize: Miss B. Branton (Taunton); 3rd prize: J. H. Atkins (London, S.W.5)

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